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THE NAVAL DEMONSTRATION AT TAMPICO

Does the despatch of the Atlantic fleet of United States war-ships to Mexico involve intervention if the required salute to the American flag is refused? This is the question that was everywhere asked last week when the startling news came from the Navy Department that Admiral Badger at Hampton Roads had received orders to proceed at once to Tampico with all the ships under his command. Admiral Badger is the commander of our Atlantic fleet. He will have under his orders at Tampico eleven battle-ships, three cruisers, two gunboats, and many minor vessels, with a combined force of men reckoned at from 15,000 to 20,000; a landing force of over 2,500 marines will be available. The responses from Admiral Badger and his captains showed readiness for almost instant action, and immediately the largest naval movement of recent years was under way. Such a tremendous naval force is hardly necessary for the occupation of Tampico—a poorly fortified port; the moral effect in showing that we are in thorough earnest in maintaining the dignity and honor of our flag no doubt had its influence on the extent of this naval demonstration.

The cause may be briefly stated: A boat-load of sailors from our gunboat Dolphin landed on April 10 at a Tampico wharf to procure gasolene. Severe fighting had been going on around Tampico for a week or more between attacking forces of Constitutionalists and Federal troops and gunboats in defense, and much damage had been done to American and other foreign property, while many foreigners had taken refuge on war-ships in the harbor. The town was under military law. The Dolphin's boat carried the American flag, but the men, it is said, were unarmed. The entire crew, including their officer, an assistant paymaster, were arrested by orders of a Federal officer, Colonel Hinojosa, were marched through the streets amid the jeers of the populace and put in prison. What the pretext was for this extraordinary action is not clear—probably a claim that the landing was not in accordance with the military regulations of the Federals. This incident, it is officially stated in Washington, followed several other acts of disrespect toward American sailors and officers. Rear-Admiral Mayo, in command of our war-ships at Tampico, instantly demanded and obtained the release of the men, and both General Zaragosa, of the Federal forces at Tampico, and General Huerta in Mexico City disowned the act of their subordinate and expressed regret. Admiral Mayo, however, had demanded more than this; as our flag had been insulted, he required, in accordance with recognized international practice, that a salute of twenty-one guns should be given to the flag. It was the refusal to comply with this demand, which was promptly supported by Admiral Fletcher at Vera Cruz and by President Wilson, that caused the issue of orders from Secretary Daniels concentrating a great battle fleet at Tampico.

The point at issue is that Huerta considers that, in the circumstances, rendering an apology to the United States and reprimanding his guilty subordinate were ample reparation, and that the exaction of a salute was beyond the requirements of international courtesy and too humiliating for Mexican national pride; on the other hand, President Wilson, and the American people behind him, insist that the insult was to the American flag, symbolic of American honor, not to the individual men who were arrested, and that therefore formal and public reparation must be made in the recognized form.

It is quite possible that before these words are read the incident may have been satisfactorily ended. If not, it should be remembered that the exaction of redress through occupying a port is not necessarily an act of war. Furthermore, semi-official reports from Washington indicate that the Administration

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proposes to treat the Tampico incident as a matter by itself, and assert that the prompt action in this affair is not intended to be part of a general movement toward armed intervention.

Elsewhere we consider editorially the probable consequences of the new Mexican situation upon American policy and our National duty under affront.

THE PANAMA TOLLS QUESTION: TWO WAYS OF SUPPORTING THE PRESIDENT

In the discussion in and out of Congress on the proposal to repeal the law exempting American coastwise trade from Panama tolls, a singular feature has been the variety of grounds adduced in support of repeal. These range from the assumption that to make the exemption would be a clear violation of our treaty with Great Britain, and therefore dishonorable, to the theory that exemption would practically be a subsidy and that subsidies are wrong.

The last-named contention is that of Secretary Bryan. In a widely published argument Mr. Bryan intimates that the plank of the Democratic platform advocating exemption was adopted without reflection on the fact that a majority of Democrats in Congress were opposed to free tolls, and without recognition of the further fact (as Mr. Bryan holds) that it was "on its face an indorsement of the doctrine of subsidy, which the party had taken pains to denounce in the same platform"—the anti-subsidy plank being, according to Mr. Bryan, the large thing, and the free tolls plank the little thing which should stand aside for the larger. In fairness to Mr. Bryan it should be added that he says that "the repeal of the law cannot be construed as a construction of the treaty;" that "if a nation desires to array itself against the world it should be sure that the thing which it is to gain is worth what it costs;" and that "it is only fair to assume that he [the President] speaks advisedly when he declares that intercourse with other nations is seriously embarrassed by the free tolls law which he seeks to repeal."

But from a Republican, Senator Lodge, there has come the strongest support of President Wilson's policy in urging the repeal of the tolls exemption law. Mr. Lodge's long experience in international matters and his former frankness in criticising anything in Great Britain's conduct that had an aggressive tendency lend especial weight to his opinion. He voted and spoke against the tolls exemption clause when the bill was passed. He voted also against the defeated Senate amendment to the treaty specifically exempting coastwise trade from the treaty's general agreement as to equality of rates, but only because he thought the amendment needless, as it seemed perfectly clear to him that under the unamended treaty the United States had the right to exempt its coastwise trade if it saw fit. Senator Lodge's position is, then, that we have a right to exempt our coastwise vessels from tolls, but that it is not expedient to do so. Why? Because, Senator Lodge declares, we have lately largely lost our influence among the nations: "Rightly or wrongly, they have come to believe that we are not to be trusted; that we make our international relations the sport of politics, and treat them as if they were in no wise different from questions of domestic legislation." The President, thinks Mr. Lodge, believes that the attempt to settle in our own favor the question which Great Britain has raised, by a majority vote of Congress instead of by negotiation or arbitration, would make other nations hesitate to deal with the United States in a spirit of confidence, would injure our relations to South America, and would come with poor grace when we consider "the coolness and indifference with which we have contemplated the murder of more than one hundred and fifty Americans not many miles from our own border."

Furthermore, Senator Lodge pointed out, with a patriotic sincerity that rose above any party considerations, that the President of the United States should not, except for grave reasons, be thwarted in large questions of foreign policy, because by so doing "we break down and discredit the representative of the whole country in the great forum of the nations of the earth, and paralyze his future power and usefulness in that field where he, and he alone, can declare and represent the policies, the honor, and the dignity of the United States."

There are times when it is not worth while to fight or go to law over a disputed right, if it does not involve honor and its enforcement is not of vital importance. The Outlook agrees with Senator Lodge that this is one of those occasions. But if Congress votes for repeal for the reasons that Senator Lodge and The Outlook adduce, it should state those reasons

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and reaffirm the right of this country to enact exemption on coastwise traffic if it thinks it expedient to do so.

UNION SQUARE ONE WEEK AFTER

The Outlook has elsewhere recorded its satisfaction at the appointment of Arthur Woods as Police Commissioner of New York City. Events which have already taken place have done much to prove the wisdom of Mayor Mitchel's selection, and, if we can judge the future by what has already occurred, the emphasis in the present administration of the Police Department will be laid upon the constructive function of the police. What this constructive function of the police power is, we discuss in an editorial elsewhere in this issue.

Just before Commissioner Woods's assumption of office, Union Square, New York, was the scene of a riot, as has been reported in these pages. The following Saturday another meeting was scheduled in the same place by the same leaders to discuss the same subjects—free speech, unemployment, and capitalistic oppression—and after an afternoon of talk and protests the crowd dispersed almost as peaceably as an Easter parade. The speakers were as vehement and offensive, the police just as well armed and in even greater force. The only difference in the situation existed in the fact that the spark of bad judgment was not present to set the crowd ablaze. Speech, to change the figure of comparison from powder to vapor, is like steam. It is most dangerous when most confined.

At one time during the progress of this Union Square meeting, at which a member of the staff of The Outlook spent some hours, three speakers were voicing their grievances to the great crowd. This triangular duel began by an Industrial Workers of the World speaker attacking the Government. A second speaker joined in attacking both Anarchists and Socialists. Then a third speaker bobbed up between these two and began a defense of Socialism. Meanwhile the police and their officers pursued an eminently successful policy of watchful waiting. The wisdom with which the police were managed was specifically illustrated during the fiery efforts of one speaker in particular. Holding a red-splotched cartoon torn from the cover of "The Masses," illustrating a police Cossack trampling under foot men, women, and children, he cried out against the establishment of a State constabulary and the brutal tyranny of all police. One bloody head in the crowd would have made of his cartoon a powerful text. The smiling faces of the policemen surrounding him turned it into a futile farce—and the crowd apparently saw the point. San Diego, Lawrence, and Paterson papers please copy.

THE EFFICIENCY EXHIBIT

Every age has its special catch-words. One of the catch-words of these days is "efficiency." In this case, at least, the catch-word corresponds to a real characteristic of the times. In business and in certain professions, especially in engineering, there is a growing appreciation of waste occasioned by inefficient methods, and an effort to eliminate that waste. This has shown itself in the appearance of a comparatively new profession, efficiency engineering, in the organization of an efficiency society, and now in the institution of a National Efficiency Exposition and conference.

The first of these expositions was held April 4 to 11, in the Grand Central Palace, New York City. Briefly stated, this undertook to show what has been done to apply the principles and methods of science to modern conditions. It is not by any means confined to business and industry, though, of course, both were prominent, but extended itself, on the one hand, to such a wide field as municipal transportation, and, in the other direction, to the management of the household.

For example, one of the most extensive exhibits was that of the Public Service Commission of the First District of New York. One booth in this exhibit showed pictures and charts, and even automatically changing stereopticon displays, all to make clear the special dangers of street traffic, particularly those of street cars, and to explain how to avoid those dangers. Such an exhibit belonged in an efficiency exposition because it illustrated the application of scientific methods to prevent waste of life and limb. This, of course, was only a small part of the Commission's exhibit, which included such widely different matters as the inspection of gas meters and the testing of cement for the construction of subways. Corresponding to this exhibit was one installed by the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, which

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showed by a miniature stretch of railway and cars how the automatic stop system for the prevention of collisions in the subway works.

In the field of office work there were exhibits of mechanical dictating devices, of filing systems, of marvelously complex typewriters that seemed to think. On the side of manufacturing there were numerous exhibits, which varied from one of glass which could be broken but not smashed to an extensive exhibit showing how waste matter is actually transformed into a source of power, so that the garbage of a city could be made to pay the entire cost of street cleaning and lighting.

Perhaps the most revolutionary exhibit of all was a little one—that devoted to the household. It was most revolutionary because nowhere, except perhaps upon the farm, has the influence of modern scientific methods been felt so little as in ordinary household operations. There were only two small booths in this department—one devoted to the kitchen, the other to the laundry. Neither was at all adequate. Enough was shown, however, to make it evident to the most casual observer that the waste effort consumed in the kitchen and laundry is today largely an unnecessary waste; that in the steps that are taken which might be saved, in the motions which planning might make needless, and in the muscular effort that is expended on operations that can as well and more cheaply be performed by mechanical energy this country has in its household kitchens and laundries an incalculable resource of human power on which it could draw for useful purposes.

As an experiment this Efficiency Exposition was a distinct success. It ought to become an annual event. To this Efficiency Exposition, if it becomes what it ought to be, every business man who has the management of an office force, every manager of a manufacturing establishment, and every woman who has the care and management of a household, ought to make, if possible, a pilgrimage.

AN ARCTIC TRAGEDY

Elsewhere in this issue of The Outlook will be found a group of pictures illustrating the life and work of the seal-hunters in the North Atlantic regions. A tragic interest attaches to this subject at the present time because of the recent disaster to two sealing ships—the Newfoundland and the Southern Cross.

On April 4 the sealing steamship Bellaventure reached St. Johns, Newfoundland, bringing the bodies of 77 of the crew of the sealing ship Newfoundland and 112 survivors, most of them suffering severely from the intense cold they experienced before their rescue. The Newfoundland itself was wrecked in the storm. Meanwhile, no news at all reached St. Johns from the sealing steamship Southern Cross, and fears were entertained that the ship, with her crew of 173, had been lost altogether. The disaster was caused by a blizzard terrible even for the Far North. The men of the Newfoundland were hunting the seal herd on ice floes when the storm swept upon them; the floes divided, and they were buffeted about for many hours in the fearful storm without food and without protection. The survivors say they wandered for hours in the snow and fog, hearing ships' whistles in the distance, but unable to see the ships. It was with the utmost difficulty that the Bellaventure and other sealing ships reached the scene of the disaster and rescued a part of the men.

The three ships named above were only part of a considerable number engaged in the Canadian sealing trade. The extent of this occupation may be judged from the fact that some of the ships bring in from 30,000 to 40,000 seals. Some 4,000 men are employed in the industry, which is pursued under restrictions which forbid the killing of the seals before March 14. Naturally the effort is strenuous to reach the sealing-grounds as soon as possible after that date, and the hunt is often carried on under the worst possible weather conditions.

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE SEALS

A little less than three years ago four nations (Russia, Great Britain, Japan, and the United States) entered into an agreement to prevent pelagic (open-sea) hunting for seals in the Northern Pacific. That form of seal slaughter was peculiarly devastating, because the mother seals were killed when their young in the rookeries were still dependent upon them; under the pelagic system of killing many thousands of the young seals starved to death. Moreover, Russia and the United States could restrict the amount of killing at the rookeries. In expressing pleasure at the anti-pelagic agreement, The Outlook at the time urged that the United States watch and control the sealing on the Pribylov Islands

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in Alaska. Now a report just rendered by a House Committee to Congress declares that from 1910 to 1912 the sealing at the Pribylov Islands was conducted as it had been before under the leasing system.

What that means may be judged from the statements in this report. In 1867 there were about 4,700,000 seals in the islands; between 1870 and 1890 the North American Commercial Company, to which the United States leased the seal privilege, killed over 1,800,000 seals; by 1910 the total number of seals was reduced to about 133,000—in other words, the decrease has been far more than nine-tenths. The lessees entered into heavy bonds that the United States should not receive damage by their operations—which it assuredly has—and therefore the majority of this Congressional Committee recommend legal proceedings on the bonds, alleging actual fraud as well as the ruin of the seal industry; thus, as one instance only, it is said that "the lessee company took 128,000 yearling seals in violation of the law."

Bad as our sealing history is, what is past is past. The most important question is whether the few seals left are being protected as law and business interest demand.

DEATH OF THE EMPRESS DOWAGER IN JAPAN

The Dowager Empress of Japan, who died on the 11th inst. at the Aoyama Imperial Palace, was, like her husband, the late Emperor Mutsuhito, a strong personality. For twelve hundred years the Emperors of Japan have selected their wives from one of the branches of the great Fujiwara family, whose members trace their descent, as does the Emperor, from the Sun Goddess. The late Emperor's mother was a daughter of one branch of this family, and his wife, whom he married in 1869, was a member of another branch, while the present Empress is of the same family as was the Emperor's mother. The late Empress is described as being in her youth a woman of beauty and grace. She was educated under the old régime, which means that her education was largely ornamental and domestic; but she was a woman of brains and intelligence. Slight in stature, with the refined and well-chiseled features which are characteristic of the Japanese aristocracy, she was gracious and affable.

For many generations the Emperors of Japan lived in retirement. None of their subjects, except those in very high court positions, looked upon the Emperor's face. During the earlier years of the reign of the Emperor Mutsuhito, after he had begun to emerge from his seclusion, the Empress still remained behind the veil. The Emperor had the tastes, habits, and instincts which had been bred in his ancestors for a thousand years, and to the day of his death he was in his personal habits and tastes a Japanese of the oldest and most orthodox type. But he was a man of ability and notable open-mindedness. He was quick to recognize that Japan, having been brought into contact with the modern world, must be able to meet the modern world on its own terms. Instead of holding back, he led the way, and he was in many respects the leader of the movement of reorganization which has constituted the history of Japan for the last fifty years. The Empress cordially co-operated in that movement, and took the keenest interest in the progress of the Empire. She broke with the traditions of a thousand years and became the active public supporter of works of charity, a leader of the Red Cross Society, quick to respond to the needs of the people in crises produced by earthquake, pestilence, fire, or flood. What was still more significant, in a way, was her interest in the education of women. She was instrumental in organizing the School for Peeresses, and a notable event in the history of the Imperial family and of higher education for women was her appearance at the Woman's University in Tokyo.

During the Satsuma Rebellion, which occurred early in her husband's reign, she was at the head of an efficient society of workers in the hospitals. She organized the Association which in time became the Japanese Red Cross Society. During the war with China she was especially prominent in the work of the Red Cross, visiting the hospitals frequently; and her interest in the welfare of the Japanese troops on land and sea during the terrible struggle with Russia was not less vital and acute than her husband's. She commanded the reverential respect and affection of the whole Empire.

A DEBT OF HONOR

A policy once adopted by a government creates conditions which cannot be honorably ignored whenever occasion arises for a change of this policy. A government must in all

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justice hold itself responsible in some measure for the secondary as well as the primary effects of its actions. Evidence has been accumulated during the past year which tends to show that our Government in its relations to Americans employed in the Philippines has not kept this principle in view. The Manila "Times," in an issue which has just reached this office, prints a disclosure of conditions among Americans in Manila who have been thrown out of employment by the substitution of Filipinos for Americans in the civil service of the islands. If the facts are as stated in the Manila "Times," and we have received corroboration of these statements from other sources, the situation is a serious one.

In discussing the problem editorially the "Times" says:

Here are soldiers of the days of '98, men who fought faithfully through the stirring times that followed Dewey's coming, in pitiable circumstances. They are tied to the land in which they remained by the bonds of wife and children, and they have honorably determined that they will not desert those dependent on them. Many of them are on the brink of actual want, and every day that passes must make the condition more acute. . . .

Of the hundreds of Americans who are out of work a proportion do not deserve help—that is admitted. But there remain scores of men who are worthy, decent, respectable citizens. These have a claim on us all—the claim that is voiced by our common humanity—and they have a special claim on a government which is still American, and whose recent activities have had much, if not all, to do with their plight. They do not ask for charity, but for the honorable employment which will enable them to support wives and children, and they have a right to receive it. . . .

Their want and their helplessness are a standing disgrace to the community while they are allowed to persist, and a reproach to the Government which should permit those who have faithfully served it thus to fall on evil days. Of the worthy among these men more than ninety per cent are old soldiers. They came to the Philippines at the bidding of a clean, honorable impulse—patriotism, it may be, or youthful love of adventure—or they received orders, and obeyed. Those who say that there was self-seeking in the coming of those men of fighting days are fools or liars, for there was hardly an American of that time who did not believe the Philippines to be a fever-stricken, pestilential white man's grave. They were mustered out here—no fault of their own—and they settled down to work. . . .

In justice be it said, Mr. Harrison was emphatic in his declaration that he would do everything in his power to help and relieve any decent, respectable man whose case on investigation proved to be deserving. It is not temporary relief that is required, however; it is a solution of the problem that is now presented which will settle it once for all.

The United States owes it to these men described by the Manila "Times" to furnish employment, or opportunity for securing employment, even if a special appropriation from Congress is necessary. The islands themselves, as readers of The Outlook know, are self-supporting. We should not expect relief for these Americans to come from native sources. The United States itself was sponsor for their emigration to the Philippines; the United States should hold itself responsible for the result of its own action. This debt is one that should be paid.

THE RAILWAYS AND THE FARMER

In the Western States the railways have for some time co-operated with the State agricultural colleges in sending out single cars and, in some instances, complete trains equipped to demonstrate the latest discoveries and methods of scientific agriculture. This admirable plan of co-operation between the railways and the farmers has been slower of adoption in the Eastern Atlantic States, but is beginning to make its way against the natural conservatism of an older community. The latest instance that has come to our attention is that of the Farm Demonstration Car of the New York, Ontario, and Western Railway. Mr. R. W. Quackenbush, Milk Agent of that road, sends us a very interesting copy of a report of the first trip of this car, which was recently completed.

The ordinary interior fittings of the car were removed, and under the direction of the State College of Agriculture at Ithaca it was fitted out for its work as the carrier of a traveling agricultural exhibit. A partition ran down the center of the car for about two-thirds of its length. On one side were placed the exhibits of the Department of Animal Husbandry; on the other was shown the display of the Department of Soil Technology; the other third of the car was occupied by the Department of Poultry Husbandry.

These three departments were in charge of men of ability in their respective lines, both theoretical and practical. The exhibits consisted of samples of various kinds of feed, of

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various kinds of soil, of charts and diagrams, of simple apparatus for measuring rainfall and for testing the chemical properties of soil, of models of nests for laying hens and hen-houses, etc.

The car was on the road for seventeen days, stopping at various stations, chiefly the smaller villages. The attendance for this period was over four thousand. In some cases meetings were held in the evenings in Grange halls or other public meeting-places. Both the farmers along the road and the railway officials agree that the experiment was highly successful and will be productive of good results. Aside from the technical value to the farmer of such a traveling exhibit and lecture course, its social influence is undoubtedly great in showing the importance of friendly co-operation between the railway and the farmer. The prosperity of American railways depends in a large measure upon successful crops; on the other hand, if the farmer cannot obtain reasonable, efficient, and rapid transportation, his crops lose a great part of their monetary value. The railway managers and the farmers, therefore, are in a very real sense partners, and it is an encouraging sign of the times that they are beginning to realize this and are taking steps to promote mutual good understanding and co-operation.

THE HOUSING PROBLEM OF WASHINGTON

At the close of the Civil War about 40,000 Negroes drifted to the National capital. The city was not large, nor was it in any sense prepared adequately to assume the heavy burden thus suddenly thrust upon it. The problems of housing and employment which immediately arose should have been met by the Federal Government, but the Government did not accept responsibility, and the people of Washington found themselves involuntarily facing a new and difficult situation.

The Negroes were compelled to find shelter wherever it was available. Rooms in barns and stables and other outbuildings in the alleys were occupied, and, as shacks were more easily and less noticeably erected in these places, the alleys came to be that for which they were never intended, places of human habitation. Since these temporary structures soon came to have a rental value, more and better houses were built in the alleys. These were profitable and paid high rates of interest because of the low value of the ground. Few conveniences were required and few repairs. Unwholesome conditions were permitted which would not have been allowed upon the street. This misuse of the alleys has continued to this day, and now a vigorous effort is being made to end it.

These Washington alleys are intricate and winding and often entirely hidden from the view of the street. Sometimes a single alley has a population of between two hundred and three hundred people. It is a small community, a law unto itself, a breeding-place for vice and crime. In Washington at the present time some 11,000 persons live in alleys where conditions of health and morality are such as are a disgrace to the city and the Nation.

Recent statistics of the Health Office show that one-half of the children born to colored mothers within the alleys are illegitimate, while but one in five born to colored mothers on the streets is illegitimate, the total rate of illegitimacy in the city as a whole being equal to 10.3 per cent.

During the year 1912 there were 700 deaths from tuberculosis in the District of Columbia. This disease, as well as all other communicable diseases, prevails to a greater extent within the alleys. As a result of this state of affairs, in the fifty cities of over 100,000 population in the United States only nine have a higher death rate than Washington.

THE WASHINGTON ALLEY BILL

For more than twenty years committees, organizations, and citizens have tried to get the alleys legislated out of existence as places of habitation. Some partial measures have improved conditions, and the effort has continued in spite of many discouragements. Last spring, when Mrs. Woodrow Wilson added her active and earnest influence, a great impetus was given to the movement and much interest was aroused and has continued. A hope now exists that this evil will be remedied by the Sixty-third Congress.

Mrs. Ernest P. Bickwell, who has supplied us with this information, writes us that about a year ago a Committee of Fifty was formed to consider this problem as exhaustively as possible. This Committee has framed a bill for presentation to Congress. Some of the provisions of the bill as drawn are in substance as follows:

The Commissioners of the District of Columbia are authorized to close for purposes of residence substantially one-tenth of the

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inhabited alleys of the District each year for a period of ten years.

The Commissioners are authorized to open minor streets through any square affected, wherever this can be done to advantage. To this end it provides for the purchase of so much of the land in the square as may be necessary for the economical and proper laying out of the desired minor streets, the replotting and subdivision of the land not within the area of such streets, and the disposition of this surplus land in such a manner as the public interest may require. Assessments for benefits, wherever actually found, are authorized, and every owner injuriously affected will have an opportunity in court to recover damages.

The bill does not provide for the housing of the people who are to be turned out of the alleys, but there are to-day in the District of Columbia 605 vacant houses which rent for less than fifteen dollars a month, and at least two-thirds of these would be available at a low enough rental for the alley people. There will be no difficulty, therefore, in providing houses for the first two thousand who will be turned out of the alleys should the bill be passed at this session of Congress.

After thorough consideration, the Alley Bill received the official indorsement of the Commissioners of the District of Columbia, and was sent by them to both the Senate and the House. Now we await the issue which is to decide whether our capital is to be a clean city within as well as a beautiful city without.

MR. BALFOUR ON THEISM

It is a rare blend which combines in one person the qualities of a great political leader and those of an accomplished philosopher and theologian. This was seen when the Hon. Arthur James Balfour, formerly Prime Minister, withdrew from the bitter party conflict now raging in the United Kingdom long enough to give a course of ten lectures on Theism at Glasgow University. The terms of the Gifford Foundation, in which these ten lectures were given, require their completion by another ten next year. For an exact parallel to the rare conjunction in Mr. Balfour of the philosophic theologian and the practical manager of state affairs we have to go back to Hugo Grotius in the seventeenth century.

Twenty years ago, in a volume on "The Foundations of Belief," Mr. Balfour presented the same subject briefly with signal keenness and vigor. His conclusion then, that "theism is a principle which science requires for its own completion," is reaffirmed and elaborated and extended in these lectures. "Unless behind our reasoning there is ultimately a rational cause, behind our ethics a moral cause, and behind our belief in beauty our belief in a God who cares for beauty, then our scientific, ethical, and æsthetic beliefs all lose value to a degree which nobody can seriously contemplate." And these values depend, not upon belief in a philosophic Absolute, but upon faith in "the God whom man may easily love and adore" and even hold converse with. Thus the value of the glories of nature is lost unless we perceive a designer behind nature. The beauty of nature, no less than the beauty of the art which interprets it, must be "a manifestation of spirit to spirit." The values of ethical, intellectual, and scientific beliefs are shown to be no less dependent on a theistic faith—faith in a God of whom "it is inadequate, but not untrue, to say that he takes sides and works for great ends and asks us to work with him."

Mr. Balfour's argument is not addressed to those to whom God is fortunately as certain as anything of which they have immediate experience, to whom, therefore, the existence of God is a daily and hourly certainty—they are above argument, and to them it would seem superfluous; nor to those who have no interest in speculative questions, and who are satisfied to acquiesce in the common beliefs of science and in the religious beliefs of those among whom they live. Mr. Balfour speaks to those who are perplexed about the problems which science, philosophy, and criticism are forcing upon them. To them a world without God is a world in which æsthetic and ethical values are greatly diminished, and yet they may argue that their intellectual integrity requires them to make the sacrifice. This attitude is honorable, but it is mistaken, for it is based upon an entirely false contrast between intellectual and other values. Let not these persons be misled by the fallacy that speculative difficulties only begin when we go into supersensible regions under the guidance of hair-splitting metaphysicians. The real speculative difficulties touch our daily life and the very nature of the things on which our daily life depends. The theistic faith is required not merely for the values of religion and moral-

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ity; it is an essential condition of all intellectual values, including those of the beliefs of science. A belief in God is not an ornament which can be added to or omitted from the house in which we live. It is essential, whatever the values on which we cast our eyes. For the retention of all life's values, whether in beauty, in morality, or in science, if we wish to retain them undiminished, there is but one foundation. That foundation is faith in God.

THE POLICE

Have our cities within themselves the power to deal with the problems, to cure the ills, that have come with their sudden growth, their mixed population, their congestion? If New York City can answer Yes to that question, any city can; for in New York all those problems are intensified, all those ills most obvious.

Three recent events have helped to confirm us in our belief that New York City has that power. All three events have to do with the New York police.

One of these events is the execution of the four so-called gunmen who were convicted of the murder of the gambler Rosenthal. At first there may seem little of promise in an occurrence of that kind. It seems rather like a ghastly proof of police connivance with commercialized vice; for it was a consequence of a partnership between a portion of the police and professional gamblers. Moreover, it seems like a sorry confession for a great city to be able to do nothing more for four boys who got their training in its streets than to let them run wild till they are discovered in the commission of an appalling crime, and then to kill them. But that execution has at least done this: it has proved two things; it has proved that the powerful union of corrupt police officials and professional dealers in violence and vice is not powerful enough wholly to withstand the law. The other thing that it has proved is the existence of conditions in American city life that demand remedy, and it has thus aroused the public conscience and the public will.

As the execution of the gunmen has helped to reveal the need of the city, so another event has brought to the service of the city a man who recognizes and is prepared to deal with that need. This event is the accession of Arthur Woods to the Police Commissionership. Few men have come to municipal office more fitly trained for its duties than he. His experience as a Deputy Commissioner under General Bingham gave him opportunity to prove his ability in some directions. His study of police conditions abroad has supplemented his own experience with the knowledge of the experience of others. His conceptions of his duties as Commissioner are the result of matured thought and broad study of city life.

The third event to which we refer is the gathering of the unemployed in Union Square, New York, of which we give an account on another page. As the accession of Mr. Woods brings to the service of the city a man to deal with the need, so this event in Union Square gives some suggestion as to his ideals and methods.

All three events point to the enlarging of the functions of the police.

Such duties as the protection of life, the protection of property, the maintenance of order, the enforcement of laws, are elementary police duties which cannot be neglected without undermining the whole police structure and jeopardizing society itself. But other duties are attaching themselves to the police which, though not elementary like these, are in many cases equally important. It is for the promotion of these larger and wider functions of the police that Mr. Woods stands. It is by the exercise of these larger and wider police functions that the city must meet its growing problems and cure its complex ills.

One of these additional functions, which is an accepted commonplace to citizens of the metropolis, the police in New York City are already exercising with conspicuous success. This is the regulation of traffic in the city streets. When the traffic squad was first organized, there was vehement protest against it. Many respectable citizens regarded it as a dangerous innovation, and an instance of the breaking down of the safeguards against the excess of police authority. Certainly the duty of the traffic squad exceeds the function of mere maintenance of order. It is a very different thing. It is the promotion of order.

This is typical of the new functions which the police will in course of time assume. The elementary duties of the police are restrictive and repressive. The new functions of the police are positive and constructive. The elementary duties of the

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police are to restrain evils. The new functions of the police are to promote good.

When the police acquire these new functions, they will no longer wait until boys are trained by street associations in the profession of gunmen, but they will be searching out and reporting those conditions which tend to make gunmen out of boys. They will no longer wait until gambling-houses are opened and places for trading in vice established, and then attempt piecemeal to suppress them, and perhaps incidentally to enter into profitable partnership with them, but they will be the eyes and ears of the city, to see and hear whatever makes for the promotion of vice in any form, so that the causes of vice rather than vice itself may be dealt with. They will no longer act upon the assumption that they have no business with the potential criminal until he has become an actual criminal, but they will be trained to discern those individuals of the type of which the great majority of criminals are made, and will serve not only the city but the potential criminals themselves by making it possible to prevent those potential criminals from becoming actual criminals. They will not be content to pursue the swindler or the crook who has taken advantage of a stranger, but they will be the ready and accessible guides to whom the stranger may have easy recourse for finding the ways of safety. They will no longer regard the individual unemployed as a vagrant to be "run in," nor groups and crowds of unemployed as natural enemies to be cowed into submission, but they will regard unemployment as a symptom to be reported, and the unemployed as persons with whom society has to deal as it deals with its sick or with the potential criminals—not persons to be suppressed, but persons to be served or trained or guided or segregated or in some other way provided for, as the causes of their unemployment may indicate.

With the acquirement of these new functions not only will the needs of society be met, but many of the evils of the police that are and have been so obvious will be eliminated. As the evils of democracy can be cured only by more democracy, so the evils that have grown up under the limited functions exercised by the police can be cured, in a society that is growing more complex, only by extending the functions of the police.

We welcome Mr. Woods to his new position; we congratulate him on the evidence supplied by the Union Square meeting of the success attending his methods; and we expect that, in spite of the serious obstacles presented by the faulty organization of the New York Police Department, he will strengthen the police not only as a restraint upon evil, but as a great constructive force for the promotion of better conditions and better living.

MEXICO AND AMERICAN NATIONAL HONOR

Despite loss to American life and property, despite our recognized world-duties under the Monroe Doctrine, Americans have, as a rule, dreaded and even detested the idea of intervention in Mexico. Some, of course, who have been more or less immediately affected, have felt that the future of Mexico was so dark that intervention seemed inevitable; others, but comparatively few, approve of Senator Borah's flamboyant declaration that, if intervention comes, "we have started on a march to the Panama Canal, and we will not stop till we get there." But the great body of citizens are not land-hungry; they hate war; they are reluctant to interfere in Mexican affairs unless under irresistible pressure. European diplomats are skeptical about our indifference to territorial expansion, but the fact remains.

No American, however, is indifferent where the honor of his country is at stake. President Wilson's vigorous support of Admiral Mayo's demand that apology and reparation be made for insult to the American flag has the support of press and people almost without dissent. As with men, so with nations, there are times when lack of self-assertion involves loss of manhood.

What may follow our naval demonstration at Tampico is not the question of the minute. If, as an indirect result, general intervention takes place, we must bear our responsibilities in such a way as to give Mexico a chance to become a rightly governed and peaceful country instead of being, as it is now, a danger to the peace of the continent and a hotbed of anarchy and outrage. The Outlook has persistently advocated a policy of joint peaceful intervention in Mexico by the three great, responsible nations of South America—Argentina, Brazil, and Chile—in union with the United States. If that cannot take place and the United States must act alone, it should do so with

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positiveness and decision, making it clear to all the world that its motives are not aggrandizement or commercial cupidity.

Until the present crisis there has been a wide feeling that the Administration was too much inclined to a peace-at-any-price policy; and because of this feeling the contending leaders in Mexico have paid little attention to our remonstrances and inquiries. The expulsion by Villa of many hundreds of Spaniards from Mexico was in the direct face of our urgent protest; we have asked in vain for information and reparation in the cases of Benton, the Englishman, Vergara, the American, and in scores of other cases of outrage and violence against foreigners in Mexico. Why, it might be asked, has an act like that in Tampico aroused us to energy, when in northern Mexico we have been apparently helpless either to influence action or to prevent barbarities? It may be explained that these cases of outrage and violence are the result of anarchy, while the arrest of American marines was a studied affront to the Nation itself. This is all true, but those who think, as President Wilson seems to have thought, that the downfall of Huerta is the chief objective of our policy, have only to consider how serious the situation would remain if Huerta were to fall to-morrow, to see that no policy is strong which does not show a way to the establishment of permanent order and security in Mexico.

Meanwhile honor and courage must guide us in dealing with the present crisis. The character of nations, as of indviduals, is determined by the motives which actuate them. If the nation's policies are determined by justice, humanity, and chivalry, it is a noble nation; if they are determined by greed of territory, ambition for power, or fear for itself, it is an ignoble nation. Fear is as truly an ignoble motive as greed or ambition. Weakness promotes fear; strength promotes courage. The message to Israel in the days of Joshua, "Be strong and of good courage," is a divine message to all nations and for all time. The question, What is our duty towards Mexico? should be determined, not by greed of territory, nor by ambition for power, nor by fear of consequences to ourselves, but solely by justice, humanity, and chivalry.

The army and navy are to the Nation what muscle is to a man—an equipment of strength. They are necessary not only to protect our material interests, but also to protect us from the weakness and degradation of being governed in our National policies by our fears.

COMPENSATION FOR WHAT?

It is commendable to desire peace and mutual friendliness among the American republics; but it is worse than folly, it is cowardly and dishonorable, to buy good will by the implied admission of wrong-doing never committed. The text of the treaty lately signed in Colombia, but not yet ratified by the Colombian Congress, has not been published in the United States, but press accounts indicate that its conditions are such as to make it unbelievable that it can ever be ratified by the Senate of the United States.

If the accounts that have appeared are correct, the United States would pay Colombia $25,000,000 as a solace for Colombia's loss of Panama by revolution, and the consequent failure of Colombia to sell to the United States whatever rights she may once have had in the Panama Canal site and the adjacent land. There is in this treaty, as described, no pretense of any *quid pro quo* in the shape of concessions by Colombia to the United States, as was the case in a former proposed treaty which failed to be concluded. It is asserted by some newspaper correspondents that the Colombian Congress will refuse to ratify the treaty, because the radical politicians there think that the amount should be $100,000,000 instead of $25,000,000. If so, it is only one more instanee of Colombia's disposition to overreach itself by sheer cupidity.

But, so far as this country is concerned, it makes little or no difference what the amount fixed by the treaty may be. The payment of any sum, even without the implication of an apology for our course at the time Panama seceded, could conceivably be justified only as a free act of grace if it were accompanied by a positive declaration of the entire correctness of this country's conduct both technically and morally. We do not owe Colombia anything; we have not wronged her; we will not apologize.

If the treaty comes before the United States Senate, at least this good will come out of the proposal—that once more the story will be told of Colombia's attempt to extort money out of the situation which arose when the United States had decided on the Panama Canal route, and had agreed to buy

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the French rights. We will not retell the story here, but those people who are actuated by a supposed moral sentiment, founded on profound ignorance of the facts, should read the history of the episode before rashly concluding that either reparation or regret is called for on the part of the United States.

The simple truth is that we acted then as we had acted before in maintaining free transit on the Isthmus and in preventing the landing of armed forces near Panama (threats were openly made by Colombian soldiers to kill the Americans in Colon). Fifty years before that the United States had announced that it would not permit the country in possession of the Isthmus to interfere with one of "the great highways of the world." We neither encouraged nor fomented revolution in Panama, the people of which bitterly resented Colombia's failure to consider their interest in the Canal matter and had more than once before revolted against oppression by Colombia. The men in power in the Colombian capital rejected a fair and generous treaty from sordid motives. They overreached themselves, and had only themselves to thank for what happened. If our Government had not promptly recognized the new Republic of Panama, the Canal would not have been built. We acted within our rights; our conduct was absolutely in accordance with the principles of international law. We rendered a service to the world by preventing a blackmailing operation from holding up the construction of a Canal that is destined to be of international benefit. Any action that would even implicitly deny this fact would involve us in untruth and in disloyalty to the decent nations of the world.

LETTERS TO UNKNOWN FRIENDS

Is not our Christian ideal one which we do not honestly want to attain? Jesus Christ's is the ideal Christian life. Are we not hypocritical when we pray that we may have strength to follow in the footsteps of the Son of Man? We cannot realize the significance of that prayer. If our lives were truly Christian we would not now be warm, comfortable, and well fed while our brothers and sisters are in dire distress all about us. Were not Christ's words to the rich man: "Go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, take up the cross, and follow me"? My point is not the fact that we are not leading Christian lives, but that we honestly do not wish to attain that beautiful ideal which the Christian religion has given us.

To follow Christ is not to do in the twentieth century in America what he did in the first century in Palestine. It is to possess his spirit of faith and hope and love, and dedicate ourselves in our time, as he dedicated himself in his time, to the work of making the world better and happier by bringing men into filial relations with the Father. The spirit must ever be the same. The methods must change with changing circumstances. A minister may be a follower of Christ though he marries, has a home, and is settled in a permanent pastorate. A doctor may be a follower of Christ though he uses medicine which Christ never used. A baker may be a follower of Christ though he bakes the bread which he distributes and which he cannot produce by a miracle. The question for the Christian is, What is the best thing he can do to relieve the suffering and distress of the unemployed of our time? Certainly the best thing is not to sell all that he has, distribute to the few poor that he can reach, and then become himself a pauper to feed on the bounty of others. One man who came to Jesus was told by Jesus to sell all that he had and then come and follow him. Another man, from whom Jesus had cast out a devil, asked permission to follow Jesus, and Jesus said: "Go to thy house unto thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." Each man in our time must decide for himself what message the Master has for him. Bearing this principle in mind, I think it must be said, in answer to your question, first, that there are a great many who profess Christianity who have given only a small part of their life to their Master and whose service is more nominal than real, but also that there are more men and women in our time than ever before in the history of the world who are thoroughly and heartily interested in the endeavor to make this a Christian world. To succor the suffering, to relieve the distressed, to cure the sick, to educate the ignorant, and to promote in the world by every means in our power that kingdom of God which is righteousness, peace, and joy in holiness of spirit, is to follow Christ.

Please give me light on Romans viii. 23, "but ourselves also, which have the firstfruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within our-

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selves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body."

Paul represents the flesh and the spirit in conflict. In the seventh chapter of Romans he has depicted dramatically this battle of life between the animal nature, from which we are emerging, and the spiritual nature into which we are rising. The eighth chapter of Romans carries on the panorama of life to its ultimate victory, in the confident assurance that nothing can separate the believer from God's all-conquering love. In the text which you cite he recalls the earthly experience of the children of God as one of continuing conflict. The struggle in the outer creation is repeated in the spiritual unrest and travail of the inward life, while we wait and look forward to the time when the body, with all its animal appetites and passions, will be redeemed as the result of the life conflict and made a fit temple for the living God.

An "Interested Reader," in opening his question (February 7 issue) says: "The Bible teaches us . . . that the soul is immortal." I am surprised that so logical a student as the Editor-in-Chief in reply should seem to accept this statement, in view of many texts to the contrary from Gen. ii. 17 to Rev. xii. 19 inclusive. "The soul that sinneth it shall die," and "Fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell," (Gehenna) are two passages quite to the point. II Peter i. 4; Rom. ii. 7; I Cor. xv. 53, etc., show that mortals may *attain* immortality. But if the Bible anywhere contradicts itself by asserting the illogical doctrine that the Creator cannot destroy a human soul, let me be shown.

I am much more interested in the question what must I do and what must I be to deserve immortality than in the question whether immortality is inherent and universal in all men. Doubtful theories respecting the future life seem to me to be not very important, and therefore not very interesting. I have my own hypothesis, which I hold only as an hypothesis. It may be briefly stated thus: God is the center, the source, the fountain of all life. In him we live and move and have our being. If we become finally separated from him, as, to use Christ's figure, the branch is separated from the vine when it is cut off, we lose our life, because our life is derived from him. I therefore neither hold that immortality is something to be attained, nor that immortality is something inherent and indestructible. I hold that by nature we are the offspring of God, and are naturally immortal because we are naturally connected with him. I would not say that we may attain immortality by connecting ourselves with him, but rather that we may attain mortality by separating ourselves from him.

I do not believe that the Creator would put any living thing into this world to suffer through this life and then to pass into oblivion. Can it be conclusively proved that I am wrong?

No. Nor can it be conclusively proved that you are right.

Did Jesus believe in a superhuman, personal Satan? Or did he accommodate himself to the ideas of his time in referring to Satan? In case he did accommodate himself thus, did he thereby invalidate his claims to candor? Do you find it necessary to believe in a superhuman Satan in your religious thought?

Apparently Jesus did believe in a superhuman personal Satan. Certainly his reporters thought he so believed, though it is of course conceivable that they interpreted his teaching respecting the personality of an evil being in accordance with their own preconceived notions. I do not find it necessary to believe in a superhuman Satan in my religious thought, though I am told that one of my critics once wrote to a friend saying that I was little better than an atheist because I did not believe in a personal devil. In fact, he was mistaken as to my belief. I see no reason for doubting the possibility, and even probability, of disembodied spirits of a malignant character, as there are certainly embodied spirits of a malignant character. What is essential to my religious thinking is that there is a real dualism in life—real practical and powerful influences for good and for evil which make life a real, and not a sham, battle, and that it is the interest and the duty of every man to ally himself with the powers of good.

Is a child's soul propagated by its parents or is it the gift of God? Some people believe that a child is born with the Adamic nature, and, should it die before reaching the age of accountability, must pass through a state of purification before entering into heaven.

Concerning the origin of life, whether in the race or in the individual, it may be confidently asserted that nothing is or can be positively known. We are left, if not to surmise, at least to hypothesis. It is certain that children inherit from their ancestry certain capacities and tendencies. It is also certain that the normal person possesses power to develop, to guide, or to resist those inherited

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tendencies, and that education and companionship enter as truly into the composition and correction of character as does inheritance. How far inheritance, how far environment, determines character is a hotly disputed question. I personally believe that there is in every man an element which can be accounted for neither by inheritance nor by environment, and that there is for every man the possibility of companionship with an invisible Being in and through whose companionship there is possibility of a radical change and infinite development. Nor do I see any reason for thinking that this possibility ends for any one at death. Of one other truth I am absolutely certain: No human being will ever be held by a just God accountable for any traits or qualities of character which have been conferred upon him by either inheritance or environment, if he was powerless to overcome them. LYMAN ABBOTT.

THE MASSING OF THE TREASURES

The Advisory Committee of the World Conference on Faith and Order has issued a letter of striking courage in view of the dissensions of the hour, and of prophetic vision in view of the great hope that has inspired and guided the movement since Bishop Brent struck its keynote in Westminster Abbey three years ago. A large number of churches have expressed their determination to co-operate in the endeavor to bring representatives of all Christian churches together to state dispassionately the various aspects of faith and order which they hold dear. In the mission field the problem of unity presses for solution, and the question raised at Kikuyu, which seemed to threaten the success of the Conference, lends immense force to a movement which would make such a situation not only impossible but incredible. In the presence of these dissensions and, it may be added, of the difficult problems which everywhere confront society, the Committee calls for a new Truce of God among the Christian churches; for the clear and fair statement of the questions that have troubled them; for the avoidance of controversial declarations of positions toward one another; for the recognition of the things that are of value in the religious experience of others.

Before all indifference, doubt, and misgiving, we would hold up the belief that the Lord's prayer for the oneness of his disciples was intended to be fulfilled; and that it ought not to be impossible in the comprehension of the Church, as it is practicable in the State, for men of various temperaments and divergent convictions to dwell together on agreed principles of unity. We would therefore urge all who hold positions of leadership or authority in the Church to labor without ceasing to work out in this generation, by mutual recognitions and possible readjustments, a practical basis of unity in liberty, in order, in truth, in power, and in peace.

Approached in this spirit, the Conference will be, not a massing of differences, but a bringing together of the treasures of Christian truth and experience.

There was once a Truce of God which brought a brief, illusive peace in the world; an armed armistice which had no root in character, which rested on no deep conviction, which was a momentary suspension of hostilities. There is no suggestion that the things which keep Christians apart shall be ignored; rather that they shall be later suggestions of a truce, clearly faced, but that this shall be done in preparation for the coming together of the disciples of Christ from every nation and tongue to ask for the outpouring of the spirit of God in the world.

This appeal deepens one's faith in the fruitfulness of the Conference which is ultimately to be held. It was a noble and far-seeing faith which opened the way for a world-wide reunion of Christians, not to formulate the things in which they agree, but frankly and in a spirit of brotherhood to define those convictions which they hold essential. This Conference is to be, therefore, not so much an occasion for the assembling in one place of things which have divided Christians, but of bringing together the treasures which each communion has in its keeping.

The wealth of Christendom is to be massed that it may be measured and comprehended. Each communion has something precious in its keeping: flags stained with the blood, not of enemies, but of those who bore them in the hours of supreme agony and supreme victory; glorious memories of heroic and unfailing faith in the night of darkness and storm; shining traditions of dauntless devotion and unselfish service; habits of worship; treasury of the songs that give wings to the spirit; deep and quiet moods of meditation; traditions of action; trained genius for work; illuminating truth.

When Christians meet in the spirit of their

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Master, they will be amazed to discover how many kinds of treasure they have gathered in separation, and the greatness of their wealth will give them a new sense of responsibility, a new sense of stewardship, in a world stricken with spiritual poverty.

To those who see only division and disunion the unity of Christendom is as incredible as the "international mind" would have been to the seventeenth century. To men who were struggling in a vast confusion all over Europe, and who saw nothing before the world but hatred and strife, the Court at The Hague or the peaceful living together of Protestant and Catholic would have seemed not only a dream but a surrender of great principles. To those who love the sweetness of St. Francis and the heroism of Livingstone, to whom Thomas à Kempis and Robertson speak of the life of the spirit in different languages but with kindred authority, to whom Wesley and Newman and Brooks were teachers sent of God, to whom any communion is a custodian into whose keeping God has intrusted some great truth of faith or of experience, the bringing together of this scattered wealth of the spirit that it may feed a starving world is as inevitable as the victory of truth over falsehood, of love over hate.

A MATTER OF EDUCATIONAL ETHICS

THE occasion of the following letter from Dr. Day, of Syracuse, to The Outlook was an incidental comment upon Syracuse University made in an editorial discussion of the merger of Harvard and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The Outlook praised the public spirit of the latter institutions, and then contrasted their position with that taken by Syracuse in regard to the forestry situation in New York State. Several letters of protest were received from Syracuse which we declined to print, stating fully our reasons in an editorial in the issue of March 18, to which we refer our readers. We have not changed our opinion as to the justice of our action, because we feel that what was desired by the authorities of Syracuse was a reversal of opinion rather than a correction of fact. We are glad to print, however, the following letter from Dr. Day in which he makes the most effective statement of his understanding of the case, and of the attitude of the university which he represents towards the whole problem of education, that we have seen. We follow his letter with a brief discussion of the general principles involved:

Editor Outlook:

I thank you for permission to write an article, not to exceed one thousand words in length, on the State Forestry question, which you have been discussing editorially.

There is a fundamental difference between us as to facts and the deductions to be made from those facts. Let me recite the facts as we know them, and then make a deduction or two.

1. There was no college or school or department of forestry in New York State when we began our work.

2. From 1903 until 1911 the word forestry does not appear in a Cornell catalogue.

3. There was no department of forestry at the Cornell Agricultural College when the bill for a State College of Forestry at Syracuse University was passed by the Legislature. There never had been a department of forestry at the Agricultural College at Cornell. Not even "farm forestry" was taught there until after the State voted to establish the College of Forestry at Syracuse.

4. The State was suing Cornell for the return of its 30,000 acres of Adirondack lands—a suit which the State won.

5. The Legislature, with not even one request from any one in opposition, unanimously passed the bill establishing a State College at Syracuse. A Governor, who had been a member of a Cornell faculty, vetoed the bill at the request of Cornell representatives.

6. A second Legislature just as unanimously passed the bill again with no suggestion of opposition, and Governor Dix signed the bill, though urged earnestly by men from Cornell to veto it.

7. The Legislature unanimously, no one from outside opposing, voted $250,000 for a building at the State College of Forestry at Syracuse University.

8. At a hearing before Governor Sulzer an array of opponents was made by alumni of Cornell University. Circular letters had been sent out by the editor of the "Tribune Farmer," editor of the "Alumni News,"

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and secretaries of certain alumni associations. Governor Sulzer heard the protests and signed the bill.

9. The authority quoted by The Outlook is the defunct "Tribune Farmer," edited at the time by a Cornell alumnus; the "Rural New Yorker," owned by a Cornell alumnus; and the "Forestry Quarterly" article written by Professor Fernow, the man in charge of the College of Forestry at Cornell when it was closed by the State's withholding its appropriation, because of its failure and worse than failure. The State Grange is cited. The Committee on Resolutions refused to report a resolution aimed at Syracuse, and it was pushed through the Grange after nearly all the members had gone home.

10. The Yale College of Forestry is a graduate school with about thirty-five students, with a fine building and large grounds. The State College at Syracuse University is the largest college of forestry in the United States, numbering two hundred and thirty-nine students in forestry—not in agriculture or in any part of agriculture.

11. Forestry is not agriculture. Not a trained and intelligent forester in this country will confuse the two distinct departments.

12. In foreign countries forestry and agriculture are kept separate, and forestry is connected with water problems rather than with agriculture.

13. Cornell University is a private university and has no claim to monopoly of State money nor any right to dictate the establishment of a College of Forestry. It is not, and never has been, a State University.

14. Cornell has all it can do with agriculture if it even approaches the thoroughness of some of the other agricultural colleges in practical agricultural instruction or the thoroughness of agriculture in Germany and France.

Perhaps I have given a sufficient number of facts, successful contradiction of one of which I challenge, to enable The Outlook to reach deductions quite the opposite of those it has reached in its careless editorials. The Outlook has been grossly deceived.

We deduce from these facts the following conclusions:

1. That we invaded no occupied territory nor did we duplicate any work being done anywhere in the State. Our work is being partly duplicated by Cornell.

2. We have the highest authority in the State for our existence. The unanimous act of three Legislatures and the approval of two Governors have placed the College here. The Attorney-General has refused to rule us unconstitutional.

3. We have diverted nothing from the State College of Agriculture at Cornell, but Cornell by letters and telegrams by the hundreds, by vehement personal appeals, by public speeches of alumni inspired by a late dean, has sought to divert the State appropriations unanimously made, without any lobbying or political influences, from the State College of Forestry at Syracuse University, and to divert an established and successfully working College of Forestry from Syracuse to the College of Agriculture at Cornell.

4. The fact that the State College of Forestry, quartered in limited and embarrassing accommodations, has enrolled students from forty-five counties of the State, and that all but four counties have requested lectures from her instructors, show plainly that The Outlook is arrayed not only against the Legislature, but is in opposition to the unprejudiced sentiment of the State, which believes in forestry and believes in it at Syracuse.

I agree with The Outlook that "the State of New York needs two Colleges of Forestry about as much as . . . a cat needs a flag." But it needs a College of Forestry, and not an appendix to agricultural courses. The only New York State College of Forestry is at Syracuse. The State owns the land. The award has been made for the erection of its first building. Its faculty of forestry experts is at work.

Syracuse University asks of The Outlook nothing but the truth and common fairness.

JAMES R. DAY.

Syracuse University, April 9, 1914.

To take up in detail the several points raised by Dr. Day would fill more than one issue of The Outlook. We content ourselves with calling to the attention of our readers some particular instances which can be briefly treated in which our understanding of the facts differs from that of Dr. Day.

The Governor whom he dismisses with the remark that he had once "been a member of a Cornell faculty" was Charles Evans Hughes, now a Justice of the Supreme Court. Justice Hughes served only as special lecturer at Cornell twenty years ago. "A late dean" is Liberty Hyde Bailey, who served as Chairman of the National Country Life Commission. We frankly disagree with

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Dr. Day's description of his activity. It may be worth while noticing that the stock of the "Rural New Yorker" is owned by three men none of whom have, or have had, any connection with Cornell University. The article in the "Forestry Quarterly" to which Dr. Day refers, and which The Outlook cited in its editorial of March 28, was not written in support of Cornell or as an attack upon Syracuse, but as a general consideration of the forestry problems of New York State. The Outlook has had ample corroboration of the general accuracy of the article in question from outside sources. Our reference to the opinion of the State Grange was based not entirely upon the formal vote, but upon our knowledge of the general opinion of members within the order. Whatever the status of Cornell University itself, the State College of Agriculture situated at Ithaca is not a private institution. As trustees of a public institution the authorities of this College of Agriculture have every right to discuss in as open a manner as possible any movement which they regard as detrimental to the best interest of the State. The reasons for the closing of the College of Forestry at Cornell were in no way concerned with the merit of the instruction offered therein. Furthermore, efforts were repeatedly made to resume this instruction long before Syracuse asked the State for its appropriation. Whether Forestry be taught in a college or a department of a college seems to us a trivial point.

There is, however, a wider difference in our interpretation of the facts than in the facts themselves. Dr. Day apparently believes that the money which the State has to spend should be so distributed that the several institutions of higher education in the State may each get a share. The Outlook believes in concentrating this money in the support of a single strong State College.

Whether forestry is a branch of agriculture or not is in large measure beside the question. No one can deny that in the training of a forester many courses are needed which are also vital to the training of the agriculturist. No one can deny that the farm forests of New York State constitute an important share of its agricultural wealth. No one can deny that the most economical method of teaching both agriculture and forestry is by teaching them in combination. No one can deny that the efficient machinery for distribution already necessarily existent at the State College of Agriculture furnishes the cheapest and most direct method of communicating information in regard to forestry problems to the citizens of New York. Without regard for the date of the establishment of the School of Forestry at Syracuse, in this respect at least its endowment made necessary costly duplication of educational machinery.

Our institutions of learning are like regiments of or battalions in an army, stationed by civilization along the frontier of ignorance. This army can be said to be divided into regulars and volunteers, the regulars in the pay of the State, the volunteers supported by private initiative. The whole trend of the present is towards a wise and proper co-ordination of these living weapons. In the past the volunteer forces have fought pretty much as each desired, trusting to the individual reputations they acquired both for recruits and supplies. Of the new idealism, the Harvard-Technology merger, to which we have already referred, seemed to us a striking example. How was it with Syracuse? Let us, for the sake of the argument, base our discussion without question upon the facts exactly as presented by Dr. Day.

1. The College of Forestry established at Cornell was a failure.

2. Syracuse went to the State and secured a large appropriation for a College of Forestry.

3. Syracuse now objects to the resumption of the teaching of forestry at the State College of Agriculture, and defends its own action on the ground that Cornell has no claim to monopoly of State money.

Here is our interpretation of these facts, following out the military simile we have already employed.

At a strategic point New York State attempted to establish a strong and necessary advance-guard, whose duty it should be to hold in check the enemy. The center of this position was given to the College of Agriculture, the left wing to a veterinary college, and the right to a college of forestry. The right wing was crumpled up. Syracuse, instead of bending every effort to help its fellow-soldiers in the regular army, induced the State to send its reserves, as a detached force, to support its own position upon a skirmish line in a distant part of the State. We think that the Commanding General and his staff at Albany acted unwisely. We think that Syracuse acted for self-interest, not for the general interest. Certainly its action did not come up to the ethical standard set by Harvard and Technology.

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JOHN W. GARRETT, AMERICAN MINISTER TO THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC

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DR. ROMULO S. NAON, ARGENTINE MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES

The bill raising the American legation to Argentina to an embassy having passed Congress last week, it is generally expected that Mr. Garrett will be the first American Ambassador to Argentina and Dr. Naon will be the first Argentine Ambassador to the United States

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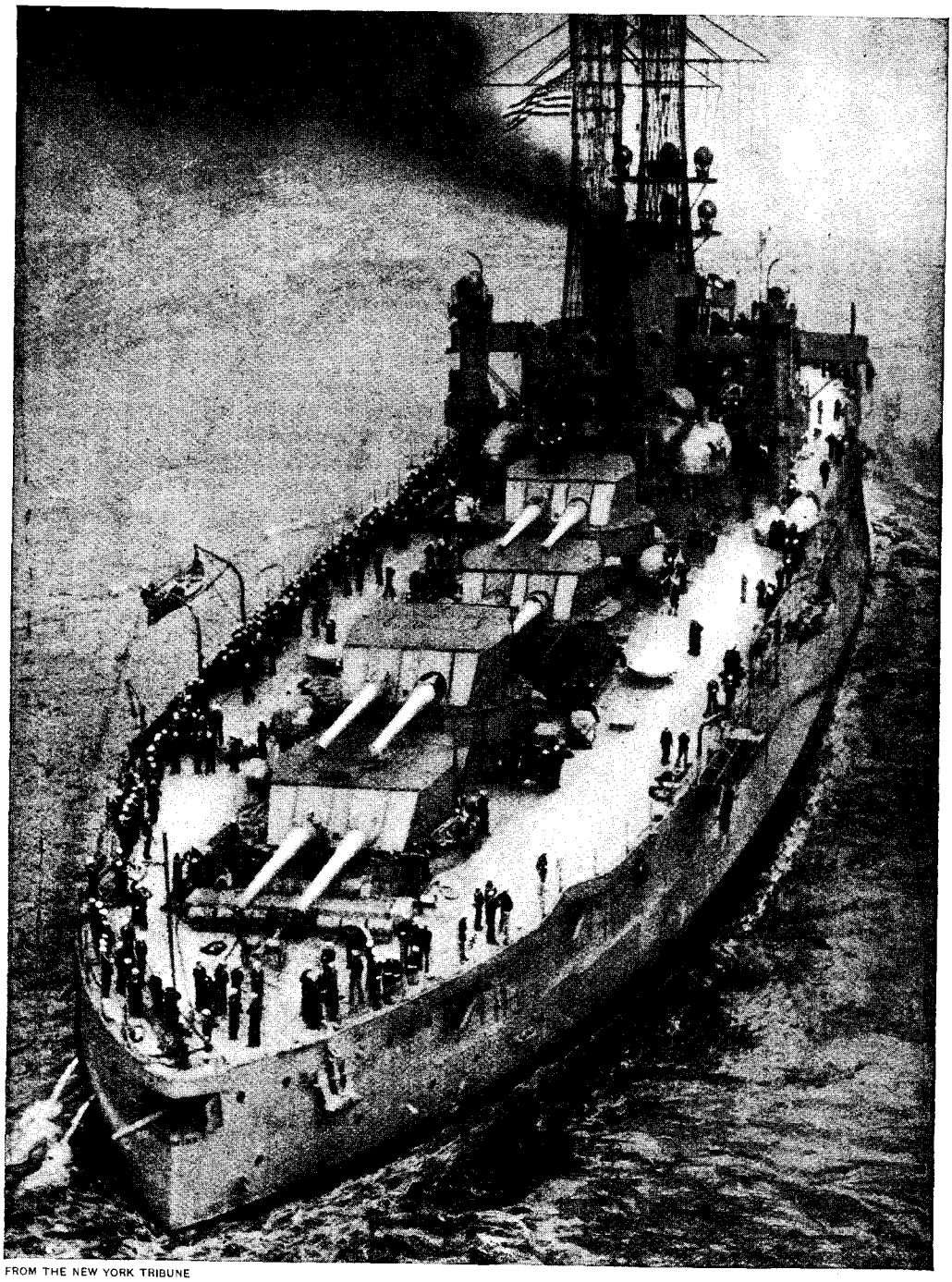

FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE

THE ARKANSAS, THE FLAGSHIP OF THE ATLANTIC FLEET, ORDERED TO TAMPICO LAST WEEK

The battle-ship was photographed while passing under the Brooklyn Bridge

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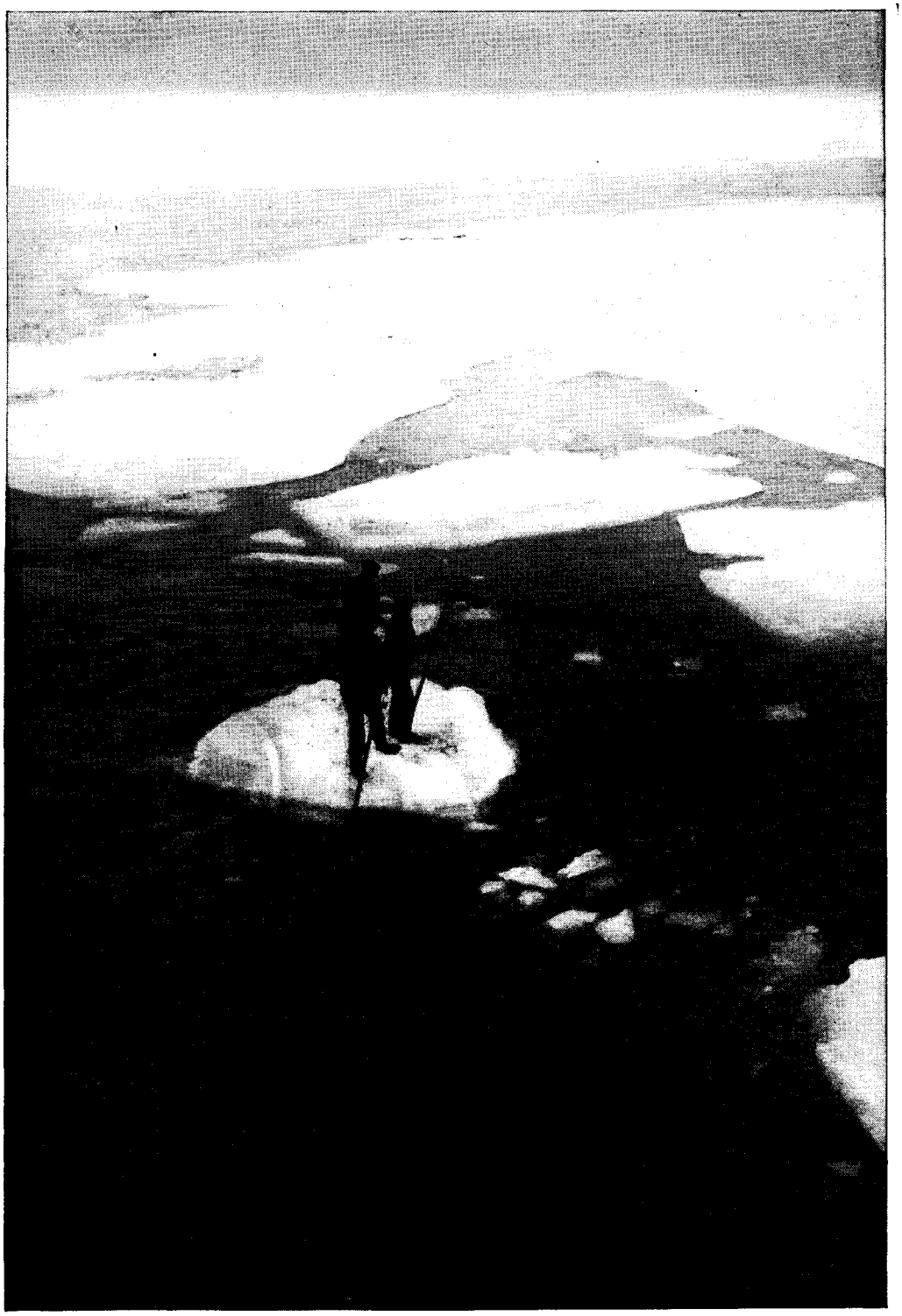

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID SARNOFF, MARCONI WIRELESS OPERATOR

SEALING IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC

This picture and those on the opposite page show the methods and dangers of seal-hunting. Here the men, using an ice-pan, a heavy piece of floe-ice, as a raft, are "panning" their way from broken and dangerous ice to heavier ice

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PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID SARNOFF, MARCONI WIRELESS OPERATOR

A SHIP'S CREW LEAVING THEIR VESSEL FAR AWAY TO GET TO THE SEAL-BEARING FLOES

The vessel can be seen on the horizon

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID SARNOFF, MARCONI WIRELESS OPERATOR

A SEALER AND HIS CATCH

SEALING IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC

Recently sixty-four of the crew of the sealer Newfoundland were caught by a blizzard on the ice floes and perished. Another vessel, the Southern Cross, was reported lost with all on board. See editorial account

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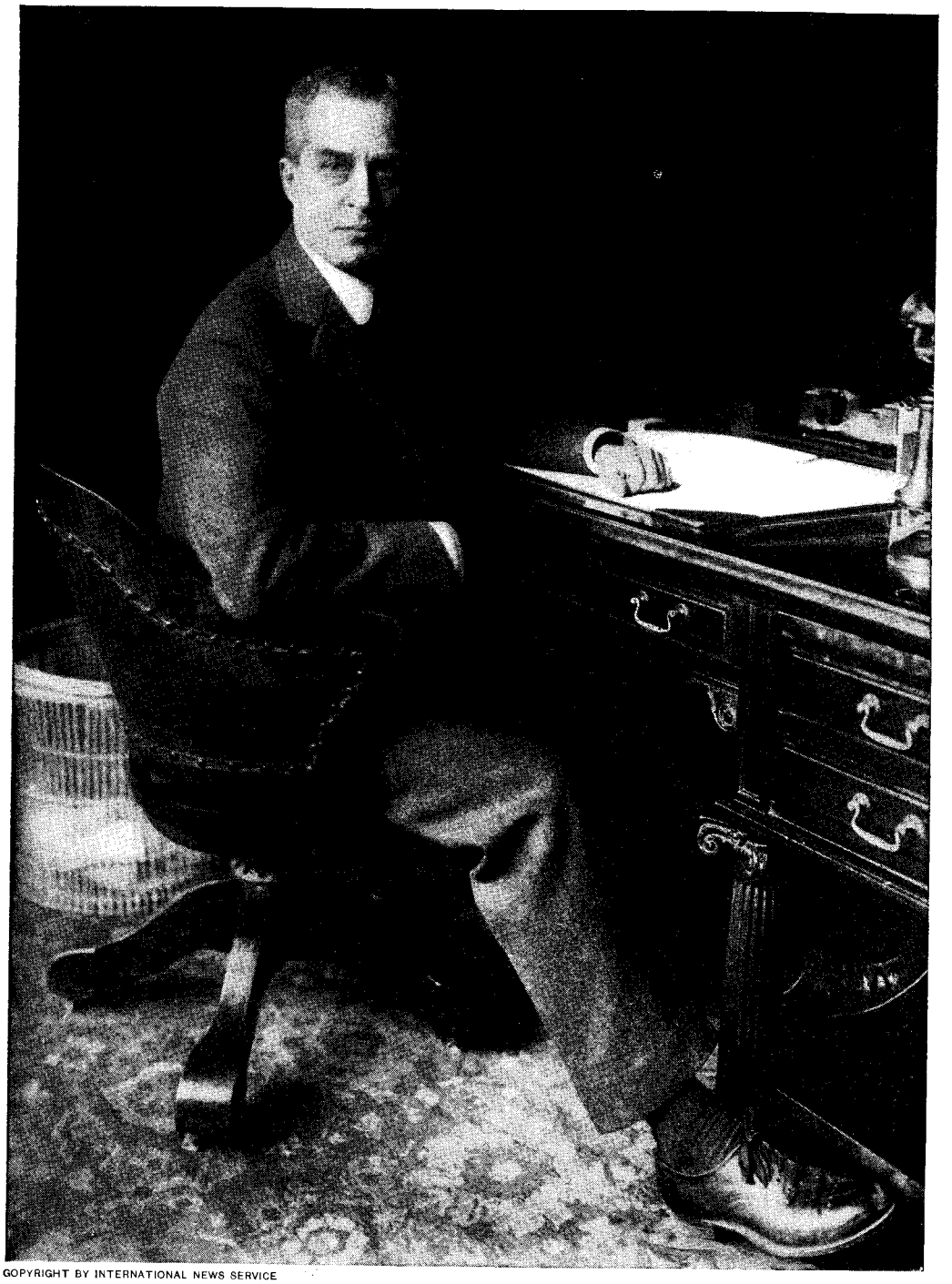

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ARTHUR WOODS

The New Police Commissioner of Greater New York at his desk in Police Headquarters. Commissioner Woods served as a Deputy Commissioner in Mayor McClellan's administration under Commissioner Bingham. See editorial on the police

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EIGHT MONTHS AS A BOSS

BY SAMUEL A. DERIEUX

FOR eight months I "bossed" a gang of Negroes; and I came out of the experience with a feeling toward them which nothing since has altered. I had known them all my life; I was "raised" where they outnumbered the whites; my people on both sides had been slave-owners. But now I never think about them as a race that my mind does not go back to my gang and the men who composed it.

I started out with certain fixed ideas, expressed in familiar catch-words: "Give a nigger an inch and he'll take an ell"—"The worse you treat him, the better he'll like you"—"The hardest boss gets the most work"—"A nigger hasn't any gratitude," etc. Imbued with these notions, I stormed around a day or two; then I stopped bluffing and followed my inclinations.

There were about twenty of them on the gang, which, together with a half-dozen other gangs, was working on a city railway system, bonding the track to stop electrolysis. The work was simple enough: it consisted in joining the rails by copper bonds. Only at the switches and crossings were blue prints, specifications, and more complicated apparatus necessary.

We were engaged on our first crossing when "Sippy" came to me; and his coming, I think, confirmed me in my predilection toward kindliness, indulgence, and personal interest in them. "Sippy" was the nickname given him at once by the men, because he came from Mississippi.

I turned around to find him beside me—hardly more than a boy, a mulatto, with twitching features, wide-open eyes and dilated pupils, and so emaciated that I thought him at first a victim of consumption in its last stages. He wanted work, he stammered.

I told him I did not need him, and walked off to another part of the work. When I turned around again, there he was, his face twitching worse than ever, his stammering, increased by excitement and fear, making it almost impossible for him to tell his story. I could not rebuff him again; I told him to go ahead with what he had to say. I found that he, with a hundred others, had been enticed away from home by a contractor, who after his first day's work had discharged him. The contractor, I have no doubt, had good reasons for doing so; for "Sippy" was a stupid boy, afraid of his shadow, and consequently inefficient.

For almost a week, he declared, he had had next to nothing to eat. I gave him a quarter, told him where he could get a meal, and when he came back put him to work. He did his best; but fear and over-anxiety, combined with physical weakness, destroyed for the time any usefulness he might ordinarily have possessed. In the afternoon the boss of all the work jumped off a car.

"How are you getting on?" he asked; then straightway pointing at "Sippy," "Who's that?"

I told him.

"Fire him! This ain't no hospital!"

He jumped on the car and left, but I did not fire "Sippy;" I had acted according to my inclination in putting him to work; the gang had discovered my weakness; I would have to stand or fall by it. In a few days the boy had stoutened up and gained confidence; Jo, my under foreman, had taken him in charge, and he was one of my gang. The boss came again, swore picturesquely when he saw him, and demanded a second time that I discharge him. But he stayed with me until far into the summer, when I wrote to the man on whose plantation he had been raised, and where his mother still lived, got money enough for him to come home, gave it to the delighted boy, and "Sippy" left us. His gratitude repaid me many times for the unpleasantness of having incurred the enmity of the boss of all the work.

But that is going somewhat ahead. As I have said, the coming of "Sippy" pledged me, as it were, to a certain course of action toward them all. At first I had doubts as to how it would turn out; as for the boss, he had none whatever. He predicted failure absolute, and I am satisfied would have got rid of me but for friends higher up. Naturally. my insubordination had gained his ill will. Finally, at my insistence, he was quietly notified by the chief engineer to leave me alone. For better or worse I was launched on my experiment of treating the Negroes indulgently.

In the first place, I recognized the fact

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that the Negro is, as a race, sluggish; that he has great physical strength and endurance, but that to push him beyond his natural gait distresses him; that endurance, not speed or dexterity, is his strong point. Consequently I endeavored to keep each member of the gang at work all the time, without hurrying any of them. And to this end I tried to systematize the work so that at each stage every man would be employed at something.

At the switches and crossings the first step was to dig a ditch between the rails of each track. If the ditch was long, most of the men could be kept at work as pickers and shovelers, while others could be sent to the supply station after cables and other material needed for that particular job. As soon as the ends of the ditch were open the ratchet men were set to work, the concrete was mixed and laid, the cables put down and covered while the bonders were fastening the cables to the rails. The pavers then took over the task, while the big tool-chest was moved to the next job.

So much for the mechanical part of the work. In systematizing it I found the suggestions of several of the men practical and helpful; indeed, more often than otherwise these men hit on schemes for the shortening of certain processes that would never have entered my head, and those with initiative took great pride in formulating their plans.

Now as to my personal attitude toward them. I assumed, in the first place, that they were self-respecting men engaged in the honorable pursuit of earning their bread by the sweat of their brow. I assumed, too, that they were responsible men worthy of being trusted to work when I wasn't looking. Consequently I did not spy on them from behind buildings, as was the practice of some, nor make a point of happening on them unexpectedly, nor did I humiliate them in the presence of others by ridicule or denunciation. If I discovered a man shirking, I managed to see him aside and tell him what I thought of his conduct. This treatment, I believe, built up self-respect in individuals and in the gang as a whole.

Always I had as a last resort the discharge slip. A few days after I began work two steady-looking men came asking for a job. I told them to report next morning ready for work, and that afternoon called aside two lazy fellows and handed them their time. Astonishment and injured innocence were plainly depicted on their features. They never thought, they declared, that I would treat them any such way; they had been unconscious, they averred, of any dereliction of duty; one man, according to his own statement, had worked harder for me than for anybody else. They left sadder but wiser men.

These were not all I got rid of. In the course of the eight months I treated some half-dozen others the same way. Some took it hard (they are good actors), some jokingly, one man even congratulating himself that he had hung on as long as he had. One sulked off, dived into the nearest saloon, and, fortified with mean liquor, came back with trouble in his eye. But he didn't do any harm, after all.

Then there were two who left me without their volition or mine. One was a very black man, and a hard worker too, named John, I think. He came to me one Friday afternoon with a doleful face. He had just received a telegram, he said, to the effect that his brother was dying in North Carolina; he wanted to be at his brother's bedside to comfort his last moments. Now I had heard of dying, or dead, grandmothers and aunts, but the brother story was a new one. Touched by such evidence of fraternal devotion in a member of a race not especially noted for the strength of family ties, I advanced his pay and let him off.

Saturday I received notice from the office that badge number so-and-so (the badges allowed them to ride free on the cars) had been seen drunk on a car Friday night, and I was instructed to discharge him. It was John, who, as I supposed, was at his dying brother's bedside. Monday morning I reached the spot where we were to work that day a half-hour before time to begin. It was outside the city, and when I got there only John was in sight. He had built a fire and was toasting his hands (Negroes love fire and will build one on the smallest excuse). His face bore unmistakable signs of his late bereavement.

"How did you find your brother?" I asked.

"Daid, suh—he died befo' I got dar. We done laid him away—dust to dust, ashes to ashes." He managed to control himself admirably during this sad recital.

"When did you leave town?"

"Friday evenin' at fo' o'clock. Got back at five dis mornin'!"

"Then you weren't in the city Friday night?"

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"No, suh! How I gwine be here an' in North Ca'lina at de same time, Cap'n?"

I wrote him out a discharge slip and handed it to him; he grinned broadly as I did so. I did not try to impress a moral on him; it would have destroyed the humor of the situation. He left me with a hearty "Good-by, Cap'n," and I never saw him again.

The other man, named Jake, I think, joined the gang toward the end of a week. On Saturday night all the gangs were paid off, and the foreman went to the place of paying to identify his men. As Jake passed out with his wage, a white man who had been standing aside from the line grabbed him, jammed a pistol to his face, put handcuffs on him, and led him away. "Good-by," cried he, gayly. "Dey got me." And they had him for a fact. He had killed a policeman in another city and fled red-handed to our gang. He never came back. Jake was hanged!

By this process of elimination and substitution I now had a gang on whom I could depend, every man to do his work—that is, every man but one, and I could depend on him never to work except when I was looking. His name was Gus. He was a small Negro, very black, with scars on his cheek-bones from many a razor duel. He had been raised in the city, and had traveled all the gaits: as a waiter in a restaurant, then in a hotel, then as a Pullman porter. But, sad decline! he had sunk from this eminence to an all-round sport of low order, a crap-shooter of note, a police court habitué, a prize-fighter, and now—a day laborer. And drink, I heard (Gus was reticent), had brought him low.

He was so worldly-wise, so patient, so weary of the Vanity Fair of this world! He never talked of his lurid career; I got that from others; and this reticence gave Gus the halo, which he undoubtedly had, of mystery and romance. He was usually very ragged; but even in his rags he had a manner that told that he had not always been thus. Some of the elegancies of his former life still hung about him; while others smoked pipes and "chawed," Gus smoked ready-made cigarettes, and did not "chaw."

Again and again I resolved to discharge him; every time my resolution failed in the presence of his apparent dog-like devotion and humility. I used him as a target for some of my suppressed thunder, too, for Gus didn't care; it didn't wound his feelings—he understood. Then, too, the others seemed to make allowance for him, and his example was not particularly demoralizing. I needed some one to send on errands; I used Gus for that. Also I didn't overpay him.

So he stuck to me to the end; nay, he stuck after others failed. It happened this way: Some outsider had insinuated himself among the men, worked up a sort of organization, and induced them to strike for certain rights—mainly the privilege of riding on their badges at other hours than those devoted to toil. One afternoon my sub-foreman, Joe, informed me of their decision. I went to the office, where I found the strike was general, and was instructed to find out which ones were in the walking-out conspiracy and let them off. They would come back, I was assured.

That afternoon I drew up my men and made them a speech. Then I told all who intended to leave to step up on the curb, all who intended to stay to remain in the street. At the word every man stepped on the curb but Gus. I think he was the only man, out of several hundred employed on all the gangs, who did not join the movement.

I looked at him; he did not assume a heroic pose, appropriate to this demonstration of his moral courage. On the contrary, the same weary nonchalance that characterized him in his work remained with him in this dramatic moment. "Gus," I said, "I hoped you would go; I hoped the others would stay; and here you are, and there they are. Reconsider, Gus."

"I'm gwine stick to you, Cap'n," he said, without emotion and with a barely perceptible grin.

They came back, in a few days, all of them, and went to work as before. I could never think again of firing Gus. But he did not presume on the obligations which his fidelity had imposed upon me; he at least kept up the appearance of work; he did not let me see him idle when he could help it; he saved my face for me. It was such touches of delicate feeling as this that distinguished the fallen, blasé man of the world.

Gus has taken up a good deal of space because Gus was the exception. Then, too, Robert Louis Stevenson would contend that Gus and his like are needed in this world. As for the rest of the men, they responded to the treatment they received and did their work faithfully and well. Indeed, I came to depend on them to the extent of leaving them for hours at a time. And as for the

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work accomplished, the gang did as much as any other, more than most; did it well, did it without friction, and took a pride in so doing. At the end of each week they asked how we had progressed, how we compared with others.

And I came to know them, every one—to know something of their lives, their homes, their troubles and ambitions. I remember them now, though it was ten years ago. There's Joe, my foreman, a gigantic black man, with high cheek-bones like an Indian's, pompous, proud of his responsibility, and loyal. There's Stephen, the preacher, who could actually state the number of words in the Gospel of St. John, or in any other Gospel, for that matter. There's Jim, a mulatto, a man of large family, whose wife gave birth to another "gal" baby while he was with me; and Henry, another mulatto, very quiet, very efficient, and with ambitions to make something of himself. And there are the others, mostly settled men.

That they responded to this interest I took in them I had many occasions to know. Once, when my brother was desperately ill at a hospital, they found it out, came to me in a body, and promised that if I went and stayed with him the work would not suffer. Again, one Saturday night after they had been paid off Joe brought me a box of cigars, a present from the gang, he said. I remonstrated; I told him I did not want to be under obligations, that there were some lazy fellows I might have to get rid of. He declared they understood that, and that the present did not bind me to keep them. After that I received a box every Saturday night, and I never discharged another man nor had occasion to do so.

Sometimes when they were all in the ditch they would sing. Who that has heard them can forget their songs of toil or think lightly of them? Those wailing, monotonous melodies are true folk-songs, crude expressions, but eloquent of the weariness of labor. The minstrel show has never given any true conception of these songs. There is a strain, however, in Dvořák's "New World Symphony" which does. They sing when the sun is beaming down on them, but not when chill weather comes. They are children of the sun, not of cold and ice.

One picture comes to my mind again and again, and with it I shall close. We have been working all day outside the city and are waiting for a car. It has been a wet, murky day, and night has closed down before its time. Through the gray fog the lights of the city can be dimly seen; dimly also comes the roar of traffic and the medley of evening factory whistles. The men stand close together, some in ragged overcoats, some with their coat collars pulled up close about their necks. Most are smoking pipes, Joe a cigar, Gus his cigarette; each one has a dinner-pail on his arm.

The car comes; I get aboard, and they all scramble on after. It is an old car with seats along the sides. They file in, half apologetic, in their muddy boots, and sit in a row opposite me, their pails between their legs. The car, on the rough suburban track, bumps up and down, the straps swing back and forth, the windows rattle outrageously; the men's relaxed bodies sway to the motion. They are tired, for they have worked in sticky mud, and they are quiet—more so than usual. One man nods and topples forward out of his seat. There is some jocularity as his neighbor picks him up. Then they are quiet again.

Opposite sits a mulatto man, his eyes fixed on a light in the roof; next is Stephen, the preacher, black, bulky, powerful, with broad face and jungle eyes that look straight ahead. There is Jim going to his family, and Henry the silent. Human beings they are, very much like you and me, only with a little more of the child to hold in check, more of the brute. They have fidelity, gratitude, good humor, kindliness. They have human souls, even as you and I.

The car reaches the transfer point, and we get off. They shake hands with me, all of them, for this is my last day with them; to-morrow I go to college. Then they separate, some to catch other cars, some waiting on the corners under the foggy lights, some shambling off to near-by homes. They will come together to-morrow under a new boss. They do not know what kind he will be; they care more than one might think what kind he is; for no little of their happiness or unhappiness, as they go day after day to their toil, depends on us "white folks"—depends on the boss.

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REMINISCENCES[1]

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

CHAPTER IV

LOVE AND LAW

THE summer of 1852 was remarkable in my life as the "cousin summer." To explain the meaning of the phrase and the significance of the event a brief excursion into the family genealogy is necessary.[2]

George Abbott migrated from England to this country about 1640 and settled in Andover, and is known in our family history as George Abbott of Andover, which distinguishes him from another George Abbott who migrated about the same time and settled in Rowley, and is known as George Abbott of Rowley. Whether they were relatives is not known. Our family descended from George Abbott of Andover. Among his descendants in the fifth generation were Jacob Abbott second and Phœbe Abbott, his sister; Betsey Abbott and Sarah Abbott, her sister; Abiel Abbott and Dorcas Abbott, who was his second cousin. Jacob Abbott married Betsey Abbott, his second cousin; their eldest son was Jacob Abbott third, who was my father. My grandmother's sister, Sarah Abbott, married Gorham Dummer, whose granddaughter, Ellen Gilman, married my brother Austin. My grandfather's sister, Phœbe Abbott, married Benjamin Abbott, a distant cousin. One of their daughters, Lydia Abbott, married John Titcomb, whose eldest daughter, Elizabeth, married my brother Vaughan. Another daughter, Abigail Abbott, married Hannibal Hamlin, whose daughter Abby became my wife. Other daughters became Mrs. Perkins, Mrs. Merrill, Mrs. Barker, Mrs. Douglass, all of whom lived in Maine: the Perkinses, the Titcombs, and the Merrills in Farmington, Maine, and the Barkers in Wilton, several miles distant. Thus, of the four Abbott brothers of my generation, three married second cousins; my grandfather and grandmother were second cousins; the grandfather and grandmother of my wife and of my brother Vaughan's wife were distant cousins; and their great-grandfather and great-grandmother were second cousins. This intermarriage was, I suspect, characteristic not of the Abbott family, but of the sparse population of Maine in the eighteenth and early half of the nineteenth century. The change which changed conditions in America have produced since 1850 is indicated by the fact that in the veins of my grandchildren, through marriage, there flows Huguenot, German, Russian, French, Swiss, Irish, and English blood.

My brother Vaughan graduated in 1850, spent a year at the Harvard Law School, and was admitted to the bar in 1851; my brother Austin graduated in 1851, and after a year spent in study of the law was admitted to the bar in 1852. I was that year still in the University, having one more year to complete my college course. My father had under consideration a plan for providing for himself and his sisters a home nearer New York than Farmington. How far it was his plan, how far it was my Aunt Sallucia's plan, to which he characteristically yielded that he might dissuade her from it, I do not know. He leased Fewacres for the summer to Mr. John Titcomb, and took my aunts to New York to investigate its suburbs. The result was that they found nothing which suited them as well as the homestead at Farmington, to which in the fall they returned, quite content to spend there the rest of their lives. Meanwhile I spent the entire summer at Fewacres with the Titcomb family, which included Elizabeth, Mary, and Charles, all of whom were engaged in teaching, and had therefore the summer for vacation. An older brother, John, was in business, and therefore at Fewacres only for a week or two—possibly not at all. My second cousin Abby Hamlin was invited to spend the summer with the Titcombs, and did so. My brother Vaughan, who had already commenced his professional work in New York, was at Fewacres only for a brief respite from his work. There came from him, however, a very fat weekly letter addressed to my cousin Abby. Though I had at that time no right to be jealous, this fact might nevertheless have caused a little jeal-

[1] Copyright, 1914, the Outlook Company.
[2] A fuller account of the Abbott genealogy will be given in a subsequent chapter.

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ousy in me had I not surmised (for my cousin Abby kept the secret to herself) that they were passed over unopened to my cousin Lizzie. How this care-free summer was spent I can best indicate by the following boyish extract from my first letter to my cousin Abby, written in the fall after we had separated and gone to our several vocations and our several homes:

"New York, October 9, 1852.

"I can't help thinking what a good time we had down in Farmington this summer. At least Austin and I did. First I am at Old Blue eating luncheon, with a good appetite, and I can see Webb's pond and the houses about on the shore as plain as I could then, and then I am on the hill the other side of the mill eating raspberries, while Austin has a horse that won't stand still and that he has to keep hulloaing whoa! to, to keep from coming to pick raspberries too, and then all five of us are in one wagon riding along on the Norton Flats, and Austin and Charles are hanging affectionately but uncomfortably about my neck, and then we are all in the parlor together in the very depths of Dickens, and then we are on the top of the Bakehouse hill looking at the village before sunrise, and then—but if I were to endeavor to relate all the good times we had in Farmington it would be necessary to keep a journal of every day of the summer."

This letter was followed by others. The correspondence, at first desultory, with intervals of months between the letters, grew into an agreeable habit, with fortnightly letters, which grew after our engagement into weekly letters, and after our marriage, whenever we were separated, into daily letters. How she did it I do not know, but though after our marriage we had six homes before we finally settled in 1870 in our permanent home in Cornwall-on-Hudson, my wife managed to save every letter she ever received and every letter I ever received, in so far as they were in her keeping. These letters are now being arranged, so that they may be referred to, from the year 1854, when our regular correspondence really began. My reminiscences are in large measure corrected or confirmed by what these letters contain. But for her painstaking these chapters could never have been written.

But, what is far more important, the life which it records could never have been lived. For the fifty years of our united life she was the best part of me. The cares of the household which in most families are assumed by the husband she took from me. When I was asked, "Are you boarding or keeping house?" I was accustomed to reply, "My wife keeps house and I board with her." When my workshop was in my home, we agreed that during my working hours she would bring no problem to me unless it was of such immediate importance that if I had been a merchant she would summon me from my store or office to deal with it. She was eager for children; welcomed them when they came; and never turned them over to a nursery-maid to mother them, though when our means were adequate she used a nursery-maid to supplement her own mothering. She made an amateur's study of medicine, became an unprofessional nurse before the days of the professional nurse, and when sickness came dropped every other engagement to devote herself to the patient. She never imagined herself a substitute for the doctor, but called him at the first warning and worked loyally under him when he came.

When I was a lawyer, she helped me with my briefs, and I tried on her beforehand the arguments with which I hoped to convince the court or the jury, and by her shrewd comments discovered their weak spots. When I was in the ministry, she was co-pastor, and by her tact saved me from many an entanglement which my absentmindedness would have caused. When I was editor, she was my keenest critic. How often has she stopped me at the close of a paragraph and asked me, "Exactly what do you mean by that?" and when I had explained its meaning, responded cheerfully, "Why not put it that way for common folks like me?" I am often told that my style is notable for its clearness. If that is the case, the fact is largely due to what I inherited from my father and learned from my wife. How many of my books have been a joint product, not in formal composition but in preparatory thought, neither I nor she could have told.

Macaulay in a characteristic antithesis notes the distinction between those who are temperamentally drawn in opposite directions, one by the charm of habit, the other by the charm of novelty—the conservative and the radical. My wife's conservatism tempered my radicalism, and to my reverence both for her sentiments and for her judgment I owe the fact that I have been able to move forward with a progressive age without disrespect for or embittered con-

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flict with the men and women of more conservative temper. In times of success her ambition for her husband, always outrunning his achievement, has served to temper if not wholly to prevent my self-conceit. In time of failure, when I have wholly lost faith in myself, she never lost faith in me, and her courage forbade my discouragement. She died in Germany in 1907, six weeks before a golden anniversary would have been celebrated. Her dust reposes in the well-ordered cemetery at Hildesheim, shaded by the trees and covered with the carefully tended flowers which she loved so well. The monument we have chosen for her in this country is a cut-leaf maple, planted on our golden-wedding day in our home grounds among the trees all of which were selected by her and planted under her direction. Only a living thing could memorialize one so full of life. I do not think her dead, nor have I lost her companionship. Her ambition for me keeps me young at seventy-eight; her faith in me still inspires me with faith in myself. And in every serious question which arises in my life I ask myself, first, what would Jesus Christ counsel me to do, and, second, what would my wife counsel, and my answer to the second question helps me to get the desired answer to the first.

When the news of her death reached America by cable, the children met and read together the last twenty-one verses of the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs. Nowhere in literature could they have found so true a portrait. She was alike averse to fame for herself and ambitious of fame for her husband. The public criticisms which often amused me always stung her; and she habitually wondered whether I could not have avoided the offense without disregarding a principle. But unreasonably proud as she was of her husband, she would never allow me to dedicate publicly any of my writings to her; I had to be content with a private dedication in an edition especially bound for her, which she kept among her treasures. In these reminiscences I shall respect her wish; shall leave her in the retirement which she always coveted; but shall hope that the reader, enlightened by this paragraph, will recognize that the story of my life from 1855, when we were engaged, is the story of our joint lives, as inseparable in my thought as in Tennyson's interpretative verse:

"The two-celled heart beating with one full stroke, Life."

I resume my story.

After a brief summer vacation and three months or so in my brothers' law office, getting some first impressions of the practical workings of law in a great city, I went to Farmington to do some quiet and uninterrupted study in fundamental principles. John Cutler, the brother-in-law of my Aunt Clara, had his law office in Farmington, and was in the winter of 1853–4 a member of the Maine State Legislature. During his absence I had charge of his office. My duties were very simple. They were to keep the office open, to communicate to him messages received from clients, and to tell them when he would be at home and could be seen. My professional duty to myself consisted in the study of Blackstone's Commentaries and Kent's Commentaries, which I read with assiduity but without avidity. Throughout my life I have been interested not in abstract science or philosophy, but in the application of scientific and philosophical principles to the conduct of life. My interest in the principles of social justice as interpreted by Blackstone and Kent was perhaps the less because traditional law seemed to me then, as it seems to me now, often inconsistent with fundamental ethical principles.

A German in the village organized a class in the German language, which I joined, paying for the tuition at the extravagant rate of eight cents a lesson. The class met three times a week. I got a pretty thorough theoretical acquaintance with German grammar, which, despite its difficulties, interested me on account of its scientific orderliness, and I also got then, and afterward without a teacher, enough acquaintance with the language to read through Schiller's "Wallenstein" with the aid of a dictionary. About the same time I got hold of three small books entitled, respectively, French, Italian, and Spanish Without a Master, and made a little attempt to get a reading acquaintance in those three languages. But I did not succeed in becoming even to a limited extent a linguist. I have no verbal memory. Even to-day I dare not quote a text of Scripture without referring to the Bible, nor even a familiar line from any other author without verifying the quotation. Whether I could have acquired verbal memory or not I do not know. I made no attempt to do so, and my failure to read in any language but my own has been a handicap in my life. But the deprivation has been of intellectual pleasure rather than of

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intellectual profit; for while it is true that the beauty of one language can never be adequately conveyed through any other language, the thoughts of the great thinkers of the world are always translatable and generally are translated.

There was also in Farmington that winter a village debating society in which I continued the practice acquired in the Eucleian of thinking on my feet. We met once a week, or once a fortnight, in a small hall over one of the village stores. As there was no theater in town, and no hall which could serve the purpose of a theater, as "movies" had not been invented, and dancing parties were rare and village balls unknown, this debating society constituted a sort of social fortnightly event. The chief incident in its history that I recall is one eloquent sentence in the peroration of the village Demosthenes, speaking against the use of corporal punishment in the schools, which he condemned as "abhorrent to those finer sentiments of humanity which go permeating and perambulating through the subterranean recesses of the human heart."

When in the spring Mr. Cutler came back to his office, I returned to New York, entered my brothers' law office, and began at once such practice of the law as was possible to one who was not a member of the bar. Through the influence of my brothers I obtained a position on the staff of the "Times" as law reporter. It was my duty to visit the courts every day, ascertain what had been done or what was anticipated, report the minor incidents, and keep my employers informed when cases of large public interest were coming on for trial, that they might send trained reporters to deal with them. It is perhaps owing to this brief experience that I have always had great sympathy for newspaper reporters—a class of men generally about equally feared and criticised. During a large part of my life since my graduation I have been brought in constant contact with the men of this profession. Only on rare occasions have I suffered at their hands serious injustice, due either to deliberate intent or to gross misunderstanding. I have generally found them courteous and considerate, honestly desirous of getting the truth and of reporting it accurately; and I have almost uniformly found them willing to respect my reticence because I have always been willing to give them information unless the information was of a kind which ought not to be communicated to the public.

My reporting for the New York "Times" brought me into relations with Henry J. Raymond, its editor-in-chief. He was also its managing editor, really if not nominally. He had not the power of passion which made Horace Greeley a great editorial writer. He never could have done what Horace Greeley once did—reply to an opponent by printing in black-letter capitals, with a finger pointing to it, the sentence

☞ YOU LIE, YOU VILLAIN

But he was a greater editor than Greeley, and his well-balanced judgment made impossible for him the intellectual vagaries of his great rival. More than any man I have ever known he could attend to two or three things at once, and apparently give his mind to all of them. He worked in an office open to his subordinates, received their reports, answered their questions, and gave them their instructions without taking his eyes from his paper or stopping his rapidly moving pen. In this way I was brought into close personal relations with him, much closer than those of a modern newspaper reporter with his chief, whom he rarely, perhaps never, meets. But versatile as Mr. Raymond was, not even he could serve two masters; and he lost his editorial grip when he went into politics as a candidate for office.

My brothers had already begun that legal literary work which has given to both of them a deserved fame among lawyers. David Dudley Field's Code of Civil Procedure had been enacted by the New York Legislature. It necessitated new methods of pleading, and the first drafting of forms for use under the new code was intrusted by my brothers to me—of course to be carefully reconsidered and revised by them. I believe that this book of forms, in new editions, probably entirely recast, is still in use. Certainly no better method could have been devised to teach the clerk in the lawyer's office the rules of the new practice. As lawyers for a large wholesale concern, my brothers were charged with the duty of collecting amounts due to the concern from dilatory or impecunious debtors. This duty also fell into my hands. The house which we served was equally unwilling to oppress the unfortunate debtor or to be cheated by a dishonest debtor. To cross-examine the concern which was never ready with money and always ready with

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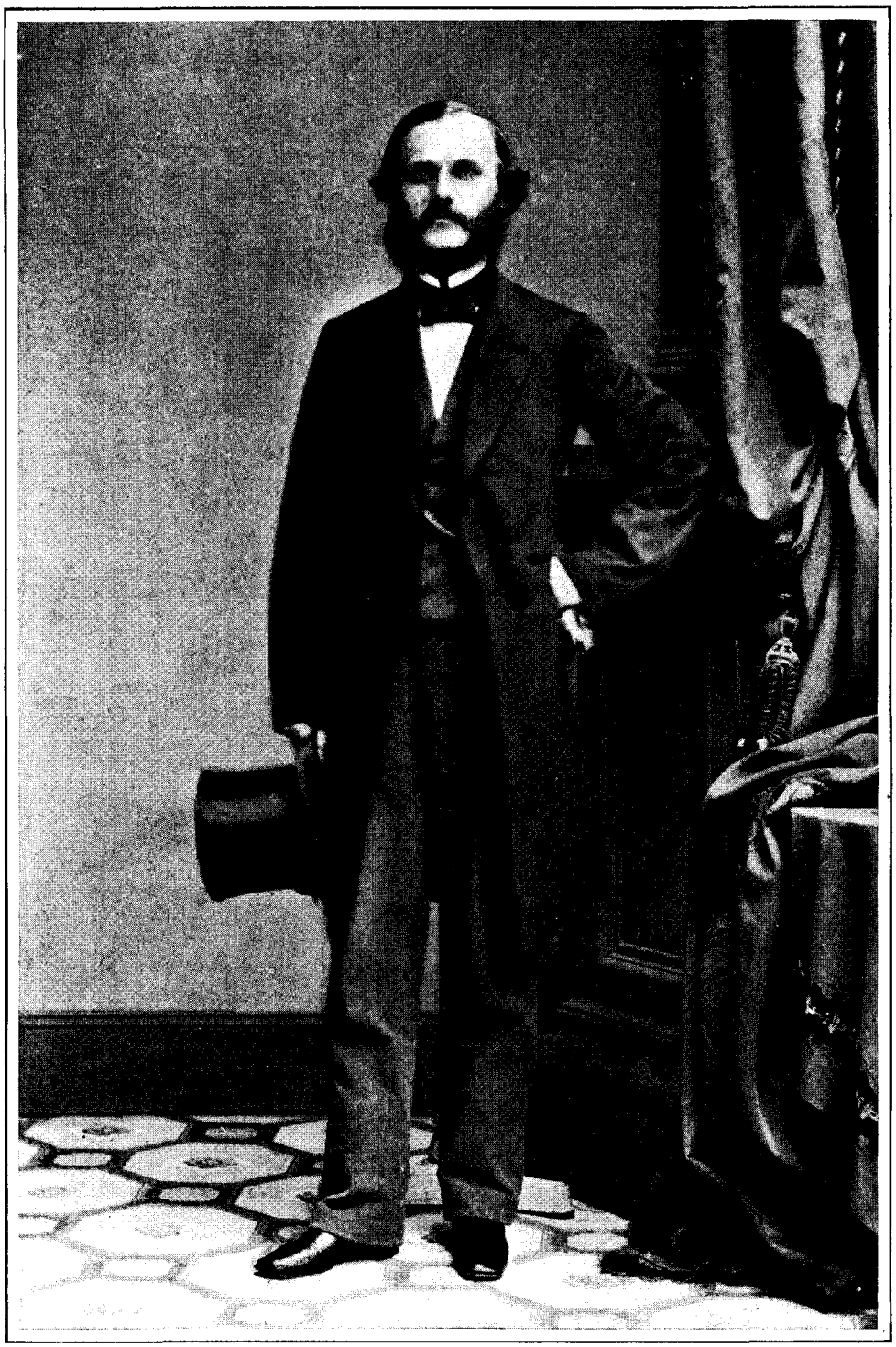

PHOTOGRAPH M. B. BRADY. FROM THE "COLLECTION OF AMERICANA"

HENRY J. RAYMOND, THE FAMOUS EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK "TIMES"

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excuses; to ascertain whether the excuses were genuine or fictitious, or partly genuine and partly fictitious; to determine what measure of pressure should be applied, and when, if at all, it was wise to bring suit, involved perpetually perplexing problems. The result of my experience in this collecting business has been to give me more sympathy for creditors and less sympathy for debtors than I might otherwise possess—more certainly than is expressed by the average story, which almost invariably represents the creditor as a purse-proud oppressor and the debtor as a wholly innocent unfortunate. I am inclined to think that at least quite as frequently the debtor is willing, if not desirous, to evade his obligation and the creditor wishes only to come by his own.

In February, 1855, seven or eight months after I entered my brothers' office, the firm gained in a day a reputation by one of those dramatic incidents which occur more frequently in stories than in real life. There was in New York City a court of local and limited jurisdiction, since abolished, known as the "Marine Court." Its Chief Justice was a somewhat impetuous, not to say peppery, Irishman by the name of Florence McCarthy. The New York "Times" published what was intended by the reporter as a jocose paragraph entitled "Marine Court—What Was Not Done There." The Chief Justice thereupon summoned Henry J. Raymond, the editor, and Fletcher Harper, Jr., the publisher, to show cause why they should not be punished for contempt. Mr. Raymond was at that time the Lieutenant-Governor of the State. The summons of the Lieutenant-Governor to answer for contempt to a court of local and limited jurisdiction for a jocose publication in a prominent newspaper focused the attention of the entire State on a paragraph which would otherwise have passed unnoticed. The course of the newspapers and of my brother Vaughan, who was retained to appear for the "Times," intensified the public interest. The "Times," the next day, in reporting the fact that its proprietors had been summoned for contempt, reprinted the article with a brief comment, the spirit of which is sufficiently indicated by a single sentence: "To attempt a crusade against the press is sometimes successful, while occasionally it is not successful." In contempt proceedings the judge who issues the summons also hears the case, adjudges the guilt or innocence of the accused, and determines the punishment. The case, therefore, came for a hearing before Judge McCarthy himself.

Either one of two policies is possible in such a case: an apology framed to disarm the judge; or a bold defense of the right of the accused, which involves the assumption that the judge is in the wrong. My brother pursued the latter cause. He, in perfectly respectful terms, affirmed that the Judge had no legal right to punish the proprietors of the "Times" for contempt, and clearly, though by implication, warned him of the danger of impeachment proceedings if he inflicted either fine or imprisonment upon them. "Your Honor," he said, "intimated a determination last Saturday to punish everything 'calculated to bring the administration of justice into contempt and ridicule.' I think a week's consideration, or even less, must have convinced your Honor that you have no power to do anything of the sort; not the shadow of power. No matter what we have done to bring the administration of justice into contempt—no matter what severe criticism or opprobrious language we may have applied to this court—no matter what libels we have published—unless we have passed the line of publishing a false report of its proceedings, we have a right to be tried by a jury." To sustain this general proposition he read the statute defining the powers of the Court, and he then read, in the presence of a crowded court-room, the paragraph complained of, accompanying it with discriminating comments, a reading punctuated by the laughter of the audience. And the Judge had no option but to sit and hear the article read, and note in its effect on the audience what would be the effect on the public. My brother then quoted the judicial authorities which sustained his contention that no *criminal* proceedings for contempt could be taken against any person except for his personal act—and therefore not against the proprietors of a newspaper for the publication of a paragraph, unless it could be shown that they individually and personally knew of its contents and published it with deliberate intent.

"Mr. Harper," he said, "shrinks from no responsibility for the conduct of the 'Times.' He stands entirely ready to be held to a general moral responsibility towards the public for the good and judicious conduct of it. In this sense of responsibility—one not enforceable by law, but which weighs more heavily upon an upright and worthy mind

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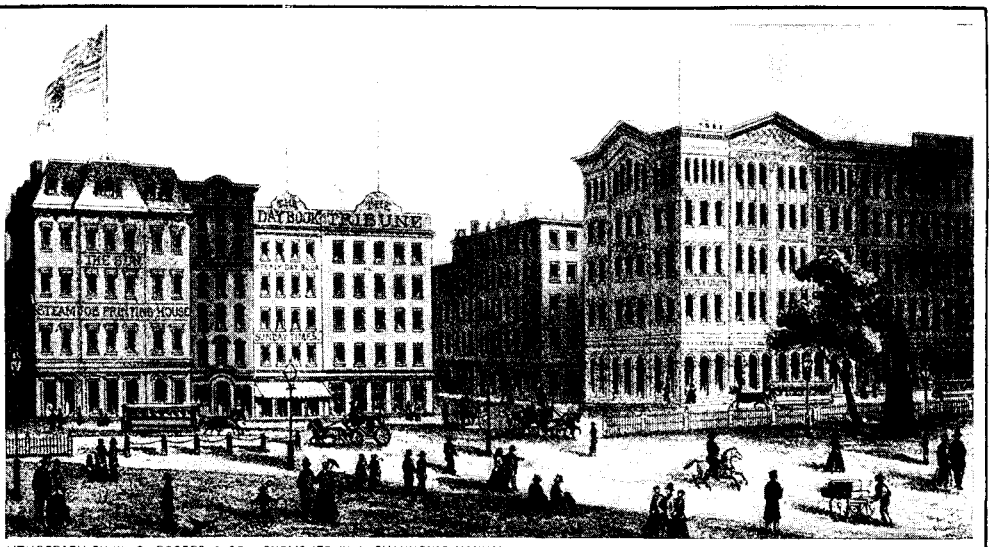

LITHOGRAPH BY W. C. ROGERS & CO., PUBLISHED IN J. SHANNON'S MANUAL

PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE, AT THE TIME OF WHICH THIS CHAPTER TREATS

The New York "Times" building is the one at the right-hand corner

PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN BROTHERS

THE SAME SITE IN 1914

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than legal penalties—Mr. Harper is undoubtedly responsible for the contents of the 'Times;' not to this Court, indeed, but to upright, honorable, high-minded men everywhere.

"Moreover, he is pecuniarily responsible to make good any damages that may have occurred through this article, or any other. This he does not seek to escape.

"Nor does he shrink from any responsibility, criminal or civil, for his own acts performed in conducting the 'Times.' But guilty he is not of an act which he did not perform, and the performance of which he did not authorize, and was unaware of. Guilt is personal; it is individual. It cannot be imputed by construction. It is not vicarious. *Mens rea facit reus* is the ancient principle of the law. The evil purpose must concur with the prohibited act to constitute guilt. I do not mean that it is essential to guilt, in the legal sense, that a man should be proved to have intended to violate the law, but he must have intended to do the act, or to have it done, by which the law is violated."

Then, indirectly indeed, but all the more effectively, he warned the Judge of the peril in which he would place himself in using the extraordinary powers with which the Court is clothed in contempt cases, if he violated this fundamental principle that no person can ever be punished *criminally* for the unauthorized act of another.

"Your Honor will not forget Peck's case. He had rendered an opinion in an important cause, and an article appeared in a newspaper severely criticising it. Judge Peck summoned the editor before him for contempt. The author of the article, Luke E. Lawless, having authorized the editor to give up his name, the editor was discharged. Peck was satisfied with a single victim. Lawless was committed. Peck was impeached for this committal as unjust and oppressive."

Judge McCarthy. "That was for a mere attack on the judge."

Mr. Abbott. "No, sir. Peck had decided a cause, and the article was an attack on his decision as erroneous and contrary to law."

Judge McCarthy. "Well, any newspaper has a right to do that."

Mr. Abbott (with emphasis). "I am very glad, sir, that the rights of newspapers are so liberally construed in this Court. [*Sensation.*] Peck was tried before the United States Senate and acquitted by one vote, on the ground, it is understood, that, though the committal was illegal, he acted ignorantly. A judge who should follow in his steps by the light of his example might not be thought to have the same excuse. But an act was immediately passed, being brought forward by Mr. Buchanan, one of the counsel for the impeachment, limiting the power of the Federal courts to punish for contempts to the cases of disturbance in court, misbehavior of officers, and disobedience to process. And so the law stands, I believe, to this day."

The counsel for Mr. Lee, the writer of the obnoxious paragraph, who was engaged on another case in another court, and Mr. E. C. Benedict, the counsel for Mr. Raymond, united in requesting an adjournment of the case that they might be heard; and, in spite of my brother's statement, "I expected a decision in Mr. Harper's case to-day," the Judge announced, "I will adjourn the hearing until a day to be agreed upon after adjournment," and my brother acquiesced. No agreement was ever reached; no further hearing was ever had, and no further action was ever taken; and so, to quote the final sentence from the report in the New York "Times," "other business was then taken up, and thus was the dignity of the Marine Court again and indefinitely postponed."

This case gave to Abbott Brothers a wide advertisement and brought to us more business than we could attend to. I say *we*, because, though I could not be admitted to the bar until I became of age, nearly two years later, I was from this time on practically a member of the firm. We often worked at the office late into the night. We sometimes went over to the office for work two or three hours before breakfast. Once I worked all night long, keeping myself awake by drinking strong coffee and binding a wet towel around my head. My brother Austin was an office man. He examined titles, drew deeds, and began that sort of administration of estates which eventually became an important part of his professional business. My brother Vaughan had his time fully occupied in his literary legal work, in the trial and argument of cases in the court, and in the study of law necessary as special preparation for his court arguments. It gradually devolved upon me to do the kind of work which, I judge from books, is done by the attorney in the English courts. To talk with the clients, to get their story, to examine and cross-examine the witnesses whom they brought before me, and to lay before my brother Vaughan the results of

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these preliminary inquisitions became my most important work in the firm. I can best illustrate its nature by narrating two cases which enlisted my special interest.

As one result of the contempt case Abbott Brothers became counsel for the New York "Times," and during my connection with the firm there never was a year in which there were not one or more libel suits pending against the paper. My experience in these libel suits tends to justify the popular prejudices against the complainant in such cases. I think that in nearly all these cases, if not in every one, the complainant brought his suit in the hope that the paper would find it cheaper to buy him off than to pay the expenses of the lawsuit. In fact the paper never did buy the complainant off, and in only one case was a verdict given against it; that was a verdict for six cents damages, subject to the opinion of the Court at General Term upon the question whether the complainant had any grounds of action. A word of explanation respecting the law of libel is necessary to make my narrative of this case intelligible to the lay reader.

Any printed or written utterance derogatory to the reputation, if it is false, is libelous. The law presumes that it was written or printed for the purpose of injuring the complainant, and this purpose of injuring the complainant is termed malice. There are, however, certain so-called "privileged communications," in which malice is not presumed. Thus if a mistress is applied to for information respecting a maid, or a merchant is applied to for information respecting a clerk, and writes to the inquirer that the maid or the clerk is shiftless or idle or intemperate or dishonest, there is no presumption of malice, and a libel suit for such a communication cannot be sustained unless the complainant can show, not merely that the writer of the letter was mistaken, but that in writing it he was actuated by a deliberate purpose to injure by falsehood the maid or clerk criticised.

From time immemorial in England, when a murderer has been executed on the gallows, he has been allowed to make to the bystanders a brief speech, commonly called the "Last Dying Speech and Confession." The object of this English rule is probably partly to give the criminal an opportunity to confess, and so not go to his death with his soul unrelieved, but it is also partly to give the authorities that kind of information which it is thought may be furnished when the criminal may be impelled by the solemn sentence of approaching judgment to tell the truth, because no longer under any motive to tell a lie.

A murder had been committed in New Jersey. A man was arrested, tried, convicted, and executed for the murder. The execution took place, not before the general public, but in the prison yard, where only certain officials and the reporters of the daily press were admitted. In his dying speech he professed his innocence and charged the murder upon another man. This speech the "Times" reported. For publishing that report the man so accused brought a libel suit against the "Times." It was referred to me to ascertain, by such examination as I could make, what were the facts in the case and what probability there was in the charge. The result of my amateur detective work was my own conviction that, on the one hand, the charge could not be proved true, and, on the other hand, it was not wholly improbable. When the case came on for trial, the results of my inquiries were given to the jury, for the double purpose of proving that there was no malice in the publication, and that the plaintiff was so under a shadow from other circumstances that this publication could not have been a great injury to his already damaged reputation. My brother then moved to dismiss the complaint, on the ground that long-continued tradition as well as public policy justified the practice of allowing the condemned to make a speech upon the scaffold, and now that the public were no longer admitted to witness the execution, the same policy justified the press in giving that speech to the public. The question was new. The Judge reserved its determination for the opinion of the three judges at the General Term, and directed the jury to rendered a verdict subject to that opinion. The jury assessed the damage at six cents, and the plaintiff pursued the case no further.

The other case was even more dramatic. The New York "Times" was sued for libel for publishing a marriage notice which ran something like this: Married in New York City —— C—— W—— J—— to G—— G——. No time, no place, and no minister's name were given to the notice. "C—— W—— J——" brought suit against the "Times" for libel, alleging that "G—— G——" was a public prostitute. My brother Vaughan put in a demurrer to the complaint; that is,

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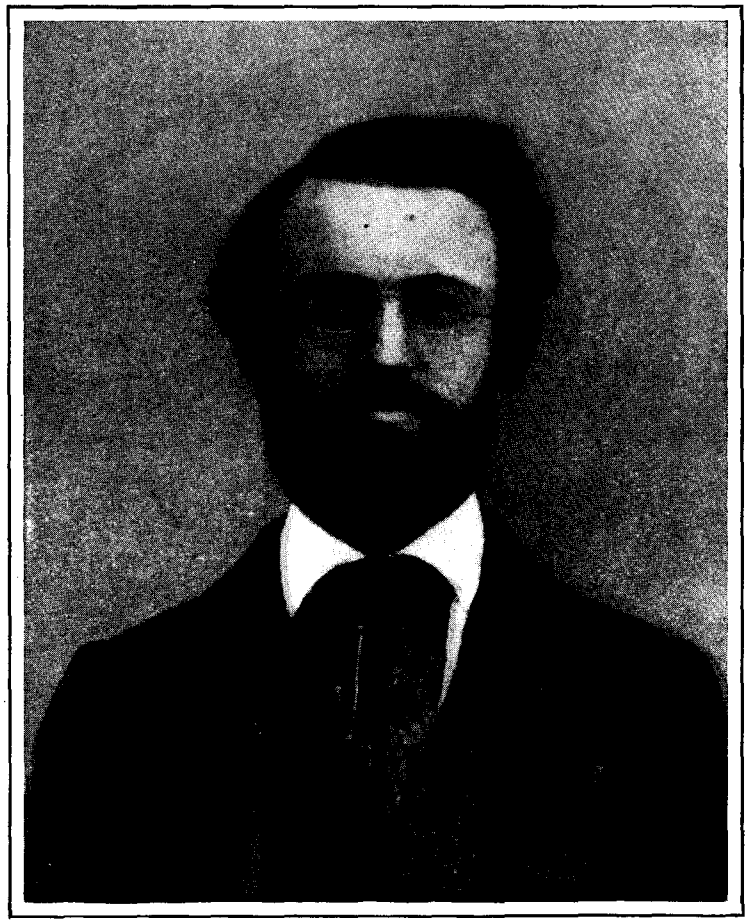
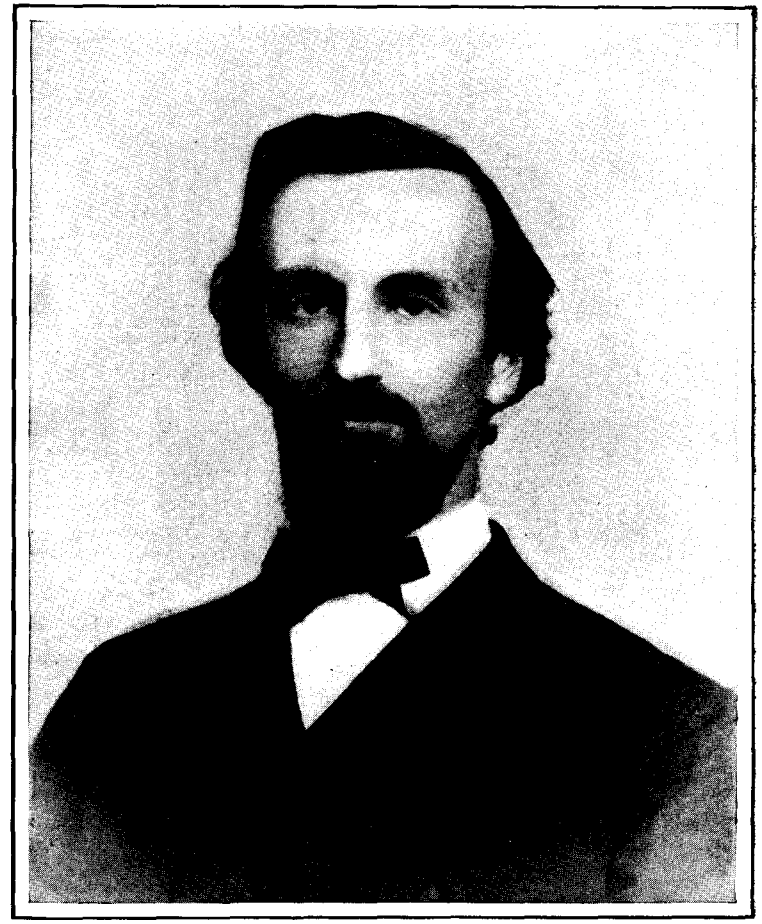


BENJAMIN VAUGHAN ABBOTT



AUSTIN ABBOTT

Counsel for the defense in the contempt case described in this installment of Dr. Abbott's Reminiscences
These portraits are from photographs made about the time of the trial

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he contended that even if "G—— G——" were a public prostitute, it was not libelous to charge "C—— W—— J——" with marrying her. If the "Times" had charged him with living with her, that would have been a libel, but to marry her might rightly be taken to imply that she had reformed and perhaps he had some share in the reformation. Meanwhile I was at work endeavoring to ascertain who "C—— W—— J——" and "G—— G——" were, and who had put in this marriage notice in this peculiar form. The result of my detective work was the discovery that "C—— W—— J——" had brought "G—— G——" to the city, had seduced her and then abandoned her, and that one of her friends had put in the marriage notice to save her reputation in her country home. It is needless to say that as soon as the plaintiff discovered that we knew the facts he instantly abandoned the case. I have sometimes wondered whether the amateur detective work which I did in these and similar cases explains the fascination which detective stories have for me to this day, or whether some temperamental interest in detective investigation explains both my interest in the detective story and my interest in the detective work.

My duties, however, were not confined to preparation in the office for trial in the courts. Gradually and increasingly the litigation was turned over to me. I was given a special room in my brother's suite of offices. An assistant took the law reporting for the "Times" off my hands, though it was still conducted under my supervision. Another assistant a little later took the general business of bill collecting, though the larger and more difficult collections were still assigned to me. Once I went to Georgia, to find, when I reached my destination, that the debtor had made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors. I succeeded, however, in getting enough to pay the expenses of the trip. In March, 1855, at the age of nineteen, I tried my first case; in July of the same year the first case of real importance; winning in both cases on the trial, though the judgment in the first case was reversed on appeal. I ought perhaps to add that in one of my weekly letters to my cousin, later to become my wife, I wrote that I thought in that case that justice was on our side but that the law was against us. In March, 1856, I wrote to her of three more cases, each involving $20,000, "all in my department to look after. . . . Vaughan argues them at court. But any slips, any omissions, any screw loose in all the intricate machinery of their litigation, I am responsible for." What with my law reporting, my arguing of motions, my trial of cases in courts of inferior jurisdiction in which one who was not a member of the bar might lawfully represent a client, and in courts of superior jurisdiction, where I was allowed to act as a representative for my brothers, who were members of the bar, I became a familiar figure in the courts. I was identified with the firm, and probably few of my legal opponents knew that I was not yet an attorney-at-law. One lawyer jeered at me as a young man of twenty-seven from Massachusetts, when I was not yet twenty-one. It is needless to say that I did not undeceive him. One judge put before me a difficult question of jurisdiction which he had to decide and asked my opinion upon it, and I had the good fortune to give him an opinion which he said coincided with the one to which his own mind was tending.

At length the long-wished-for fall of 1856 arrived—long wished for because I could not be sure of an income adequate to support a wife until I was admitted to the bar, and I could not be admitted to the bar until I was twenty-one. The examination of candidates was appointed for the last week in November. I should not be of age until the 18th of December. The regulation required the candidate to file with his application for examination an affidavit that he was twenty-one. That I could not do. I went to a Supreme Court judge with the request that I might be permitted to enter my name for examination, and, if successful, file the affidavit on the 18th of December, and receive my appointment then. He expressed surprise. "I thought," he said, "you had been practicing law in the courts for three years past." But he gave me the order and I presented myself for examination. The result I will quote from the report sent to my cousin:

"You remember that the last time I was at Waverly I came down to do some studying for examination. Well, I was examined last week. There was a class of ten of us in all and the examination occupied about five hours' continuous examination.[1] The result

[1] It was oral, conducted by expert lawyers who knew well how to cross-examine, and who had determined to make the examination severe, spurred to that resolve by current criticisms on previous examinations as superficial and perfunctory.

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is not known as yet, and probably will not be till next week, but as one of the examiners has since congratulated me on passing a 'brilliant examination,' and another told my brother that I was fit to practice anywhere, and one of the judges has congratulated me and intimated that I was probably the only one of the class that would be admitted, I do not feel *very* anxious."

But before these reports reached me I did feel anxious—very anxious. For on the examination I had said "I do not know" to so many questions that I went home that night believing that I had failed. I fancy that what made my examination brilliant was the fact that I did no guessing and dared confess my ignorance. Courage to confess ignorance I have since found as valuable in theology as in law. An amusing incident illustrated the value of these confessions. One question both perplexed and interested me so much that when the examinations were over I went forward and asked the examiner what was the correct answer, and received the reply, "I do not know; it is easier to ask questions than it is to answer them." The judge's intimation proved to be correct. I was the only one of the class that passed, though I believe that a second examination was granted, at which three or four of the other candidates were successful. The examination passed and the certificate assured, I threw myself into the practice of law without any of the reserve which previous conditions had rendered necessary. On the 7th of December, ten days or so after the examination, but eleven days before I could receive the certificate of admission, I wrote my cousin the following account of my court engagements:

"I shall be sworn in to-morrow morning as an attorney and counselor, though I shall not obtain my certificate of admission and shall not strictly be an attorney and counselor till the 18th, when I am of age. I have also three cases to attend to Monday morning in court, besides one involving some $6,000 or $8,000 out of court. Tuesday morning I am engaged probably with Benj. V., though I may attend to it myself, in a motion in the last matter. I have also to attend another motion in another court. Wednesday morning I have to argue a motion in a suit involving $2,000, besides several other court engagements which I do not now recollect, and Wednesday afternoon I am engaged in the trial of a case involving about $500. I shall probably have occasion also Wednesday morning to argue a motion (for which I must prepare in the meantime) which may determine a libel suit pending against the 'Times' to recover $20,000 damages. Yesterday, besides partially trying a case, I drew pleadings in two cases involving, respectively, $1,800 and odd and $5,000 or $6,000. The day before I was busy at a sheriff's sale and getting ready for the trial yesterday, besides some other business. The day before—I have most forgotten—but I think I argued a couple of motions, in one of which I beat and the other of which is not yet decided. I cannot go any further backward or forward, for the reason that I forget, but this will show you that I am pretty busy."

I have been tempted to draw my pen through this extract, written originally only for the eye of my cousin. But to understand the significance of my act in leaving the law for the ministry three years later, it is necessary that the reader should know that I left a successful, lucrative, and increasing law business and a companionship in it with brothers wholly congenial. And it would be worse than useless to write these reminiscences at all if whatever is necessary to understand the critical events in my life is not told with absolute frankness.

A few characters at the bar stand out prominently before me as my memory recalls the past—probably not because they were the most important but because they were characteristic types. A. Oakey Hall would have been an able lawyer and perhaps a successful politician if he had not allowed himself to be used by the Tammany ape to pull chestnuts out of the fire for others to eat. "Dick" Busteed no one would have called a great lawyer, but he was a successful one. Gossip said that he always told his clients that their cause was just and their victory sure, and accounted for defeat when it came by charging it to the stupidity or corruption of the judge and the jury. His dogmatic imitation of knowledge, his ready wit, his unfailing good humor, and his adaptable conscience made him a dangerous opponent in a lawsuit. The two leaders at the bar in jury trials were James T. Brady and Charles O'Conor. James T. Brady was a natural orator and depended on his ability to carry the jury by his eloquent summing up; but to me as a youthful reporter he appeared to try his cases without much preparation. Charles O'Conor had no more imagination

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or emotion than a problem in Euclid's geometry; but, as in Euclid, if you granted his premises you could not escape his conclusions. His direct examination was so clear and orderly that the essentials of the witnesses' story remained with the jury until the end of the trial, and his cross-examination was so keen and searching that a lying or prevaricating witness rarely escaped detection and confusion.

Two judges of that time strikingly represented two contrasted types of judicial mind and method. Judge Murray Hoffman was an incarnated digest of legal decisions. His mind was like a pair of scales; he put on one side all the decisions for, on the other all the decisions against, the plaintiff's contention, and let, not the majority, but the weight decide the question. Judge T. J. Oakley rarely came nearer citing an authority than by saying, "We recall a case in Johnson's Reports which bears on the case." In a motion we had before him, our opponent cited the decision of a court of concurrent jurisdiction directly in his favor, to which Judge Oakley replied, "Yes! yes! that shows what Judge —— thought about it," and promptly proceeded to decide the other way. Gossip reported that he read nothing but French novels. But he had a clear comprehension of the principles of social justice and their application to special cases; his decisions were universally respected, and he was rarely reversed. He was absolutely without prejudice, personal or political, except that if a woman were before him, either as witness or party, his gallantry always leaned a little to her side.

My experience of the courts during these six years at the New York bar—1853–59—does not warrant the current criticism of the law and the lawyers. There were lawyers who promoted quarrels to get fees. But they were the pariahs of the profession. The best lawyers were peacemakers, and though, of necessity, professional partisans when engaged in litigation, they were generally honorable partisans. The following incident narrated in a letter to my cousin indicates the spirit in which Abbott Brothers carried on their business, and I think they were typical of their class in the profession:

"One of our clients, A, owes another, B, some $4,000. He, A, is in some danger of failing. They are personal friends. A proposed to B a scheme for the payment of the debt due him by which he, B, would be secured, but which might result (which certainly would if A failed) in throwing the loss upon third parties. B called at our office to ask me about the plan. I told him that I thought the plan might enable him to get the money, but I did not think it a right course exactly to pursue, and, in short, that if he wanted it managed he must go to some other lawyer to get it done. He then told me that he rather felt so himself, but that all he wanted was some one to tell him so; that he thought we were conscientious, *likely* to say what was about right, and that what he really wanted was to know whether we thought it exactly right and straightforward; if not, he should not do it. This was the result of perhaps three-quarters of an hour's consultation. And the knowledge that we had acquired a reputation for honor and integrity such that our clients would come to us for advice upon the *morals* of a transaction and abide by it (as I think he will, though it is a chance if he does not lose $4,000 by it that he might otherwise have secured) gave me more pleasure than any reputation for smartness or ability that we could have acquired. And at the risk of being egotistical I could not avoid writing of it to you, honest lawyers being generally regarded as so scarce an article."

At a later date two New York judges were found guilty of corruption, but at the time of which I write the judges were, without exception, high-minded, honorable, incorruptible men, free from political bias and independent of popular sentiment, trained and able lawyers—abler than the average practitioner, but not than the ablest. They were uniformly courteous; though for two and a half of the five and a half years of my legal experience I was but a clerk in my brothers' office, I was always treated with respectful consideration. They were hard workers; their hours in court were from ten to three or four o'clock, and sometimes from nine to five or six, and their evenings were largely spent in their libraries studying the questions submitted to them or writing their opinions. Shorthand writers were not then attached to the courts, and the trial judge had to make his own notes and, so to speak, be his own reporter. The juries were made up of the plain people; though lawyers, doctors, and clergymen were excused from jury duty, and, I believe, also teachers and editors. But in my experience the jury thus composed could be depended upon to get the essential facts in all simple cases and to render a rational

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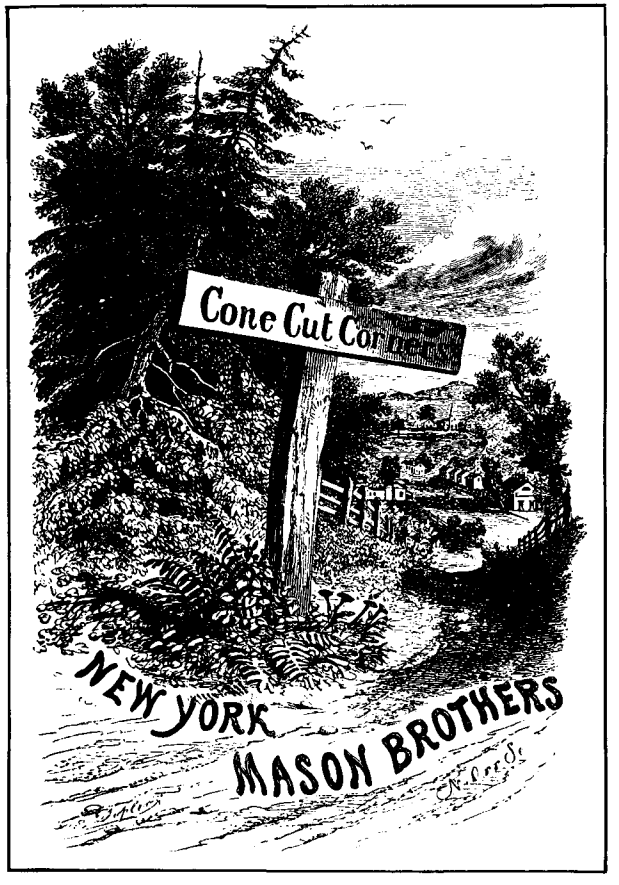

XII.

JANUARY, 1848.

THE lapse of six months enabled Jason and Salanda to become very well acquainted; and mid-winter found them most excellent friends.

That same mid-winter, at church one pleasant afternoon, found Salanda, seated in Aunt Provy's pew at the side of the pulpit, attentive to the ministrations of Elder Graynes; and found Jason, seated in the Elder's pew—a front pew it was—

FRONTISPIECE AND CHAPTER HEADING FROM "CONE CUT CORNERS," THE NOVEL BY "BENAULY"

The chapter headings and frontispiece were designed by Austin Abbott, one of the joint authors

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verdict thereon. I preferred to try my cases before a jury rather than before a referee, unless there were complicated accounts to be unraveled or some analogous complications requiring patient and tedious analysis. There were then, as now, law's delays, but they were not generally due to any deliberate obstruction of justice. They were due partly to what I thought was excess of courtesy by the court to the counsel and of counsel to each other, partly to the American tradition that the judge must not interfere with the counsel in the trial of a case, as the English judges often do, but largely to the fact that there were not judges enough to do the work which came before the courts. I ought to add that I had no experience in either criminal or corporation law, and have no means of comparing the courts of 1914 with those of 1853–59.

Law business did not absorb all my attention. During the first part of these seven years I played the organ at one or two different churches on Sunday to add to my income. I wrote occasionally for the press. Among the contributions was one on "Capital Punishment," which was published in a law magazine, and one on "Woman's Rights," which was never published, fortunately for me, for it advocated the cause of woman suffrage, a cause from which my wife later converted me. But my chief literary work was the joint preparation with my two brothers of a couple of novels published under a *nom de plume* composed of the first syllable of each name—Benjamin, Austin, Lyman, combined in Benauly. The first novel, "Cone Cut Corners," had a fair success; the second, in my judgment a better story, had no success at all, and put an end to our literary ambitions.

But more important as an avocation than either music or literature was politics. An account of the political situation and of my interest in politics and the part I played in it must be reserved for the next chapter.

In the next installment of his Reminiscences Dr. Abbott gives an account of that period which he calls "the most dramatic politically in the history of the country." This is the decade from 1850 to 1860. He points out the distinction between the abolitionists and the anti-slavery men. He describes a trip that he took into the South and his glimpse of slave-traders. He describes a Fremont and Dayton ratification meeting which he attended, and gives an account of electioneering in the notorious Sixth Ward in New York. He indicates the relation between some of the questions of that day and some of the questions of the present.

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WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE IMMIGRANT?

BY FRANCES A. KELLOR

Miss Kellor is known to all sociologists as a practical worker. Her experience as Chief Investigator of the New York Bureau of Industries and Immigration has given her special opportunities for studying the conditions here described.— THE EDITORS.

THE question of the low standard of living among immigrants in the labor camps of the country is profoundly agitating the American people. The feeling is growing that if this is the best America can do, the immigrants are better off in their home country.

The immigrant laborer reaches the camp usually by way of a padrone. From the time he arrives until he goes to work in the remote camp he is in the hands of his "friends"—countrymen who house him and feed him and entertain him, certain that they will get their share of the fee for his job and of the profit the "commissary" makes off housing and feeding him when he is "on the job." He has no chance to see America through contact with Americans, and is as subject to industrial routine as a checked piece of baggage is to transportation rules. Furthermore, whenever he protests or makes inquiries, he is told that this is America and that to object means the loss of his job.

Now add to this environment and threat the facts that he cannot speak English, that he has little money though plenty of strength, that he has dependents who look to him for their daily bread, that he is probably in debt for his passage over and for his railway ticket to the camp, and that he will be deported if he fails to find work and applies for public help, and we have a fair illustration of an immigrant *choosing his occupation.*

When the laborer arrives at the camp, he is initiated into the routine of American industrial life. By whom? By the railway officials whose railway he is building? By the Government whose roads he is laying? By the millionaire whose estate he is laying out? By the mine-owner whose ore he is extracting? Not at all. By the padrone or sub-contractor, who, on the one hand, convinces the employer that he can keep his men only by letting them live the way they do in Italy, and, on the other hand, convinces the workmen that they can hold their job only by living the way they live in America.

Once at the camp, the laborer must fit into a ready-made, inflexible scheme of life arranged by the padrone and tolerated by the employer in the hope that he can keep a steady labor supply. The padrone supplies all the laborers needed at any time and any place, without cost to the company, in compensation for being allowed to house and feed the laborers, and in return the company agrees to get men only from him. As the company's agent, the padrone naturally can dismiss the man who objects to his dispensations, or can bully him into accepting them. He can also prevent his being employed by other padroni. The padrone's profit comes from two sources—from the fee he charges each man for his job, and from what he can make off the housing and supplies furnished to these men. He is also frequently the intermediary through whom they do their banking and communicate with their families and friends.

The immigrant, with a hundred of his fellows, is ushered by the padrone into his new American home—an old shack, or a dismounted or ditched box car alongside the track. The company gives these cars free to the padrone, and he in turn charges each man one dollar a month for a bunk. Where the men are working in shifts, two men use a bunk in turn. The workman prepares his meals out of doors in all kinds of weather, after a long day's work, and then sleeps in his dirty bunk, full of vermin, in the crowded, unsanitary, unventilated box car. (I have been in one shack where one hundred men slept in tiers of bunks, with no ventilation but one hole, covered by a board.) He washes in public, in a near-by stream, and has no sanitary convenience of any kind, though he lives along a public highway.

He has to buy his food from the padrone, who in many camps is allowed to deduct a fixed amount from the laborer's wages every month, whether the man buys that much or not. Sometimes the food is so stale and worthless that the man throws half of it away and buys more somewhere else. He has no place but his bunk in which to keep

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his food. No matter how little he uses, he pays five cents a week for salt and kerosene —which amounts to two dollars a month for ten men in a shack—a tidy little sum where a padrone has a whole railway division.

The conditions in the highway camps are as bad, if, indeed, not worse. When the State of New York lets a road contract—and it is letting millions of dollars' worth of these contracts—it specifies such mechanical things as grade of materials and hires engineers to see that the work is well done. But to the men who actually do the work the State pays not the slightest attention. It makes no specifications about their housing or food.

When Americans roll over a beautiful piece of macadam in a motor, I wonder how many know that the men who built the road were housed in stables and slept in horse stalls, two or three deep, and paid one dollar a month apiece for the privilege; or that they lived in old disused farm-houses where the rain beat in on them at night, or slept in church pews. In one such house the men slept upstairs because the ground floor was so rotten that it was unsafe. The employer protected himself by posting a notice that whoever used the stairs did so at his own risk, although there was no other way for a man to reach his dollar-a-month cot. In another place the men were housed in an old brick house without light or beds, and they had to sleep in straw two feet thick. Where old houses or barns cannot be rented, new shacks are built, which are so crowded and unventilated that they soon become infected and full of vermin because of lack of care. Then the men build themselves huts out of old boards or ties, or else sleep out of doors, still paying, however, for their shacks. I have rarely seen a highway camp with sanitary or bathing facilities of any kind. The American foremen, the teamsters, and others who have no padrone to boss them are provided with decent sleeping shacks, a mess-room, and sanitary conveniences. For the mules there are decent stables or tents.

Is it any wonder that when these men come back to the city in the winter to crowd together in the tenements, waiting for work in the spring, they bring with them disease and a disregard for health laws, modesty, and decency, or that they return to their home country with broken bodies and with hard hearts toward America?

We establish an eight-hour day on public works, with leisure to be used under such conditions! We say to the men, "You may not work more than eight hours," but at the same time we permit living conditions so that the wives of these men (in such camps as those on the Aqueduct), with many little children, live in two to four rooms, taking as many boarders as they see fit. These women sometimes cook for three shifts of men each day and work eighteen hours. One reason for the overcrowding is that the contractor will not put up more houses, and the greed of the employer, when applied to the necessities of the people, sets the standard of morality as well as of living.

Now let an American workman put himself in the immigrant's place in a foreign country. If he were penniless, ignorant of the language, and with no family or proved friends, or in debt for his passage to a man who made it his business to get men in his control and find them jobs, and if he had a family that he knew would suffer if he didn't send them money once a month, what would he do? Stay on the job and support his family and bear the ignominy and suffer the taunts and isolation and bear the discomforts, or would he throw up his job and wander from place to place looking for better conditions, and lie awake nights thinking how hungry his children were?

If he were met at the port and taken with a number of his fellows directly to a dismounted or ditched box car alongside the railway tracks, and had to prepare his meals out of doors in all kinds of weather, after a long day's work, and had to sleep in a dirty bunk filled with vermin, and keep his food in his bed, and wash in a near-by stream, and have no sanitary conveniences of any kind, though he lived along a public highway, the railway track, what would he do and where would he go? And if he tried too often to find another job, his padrone friend on one road contract would tell his padrone friend on another, and pretty soon he couldn't find any other job at all, and would have to beg or steal.

And if there were truth in the statement that the immigrant prefers this, is it not time that America said to him: "When you come here, you must live as we do. Your half-nutritious foreign food, your half-cooked meals, the stale, cast-off supplies furnished you, your overcrowding in unsanitary box cars with no ventilation, your drinking of stream waters of all kinds and polluting the soil with excreta, are no longer your concern

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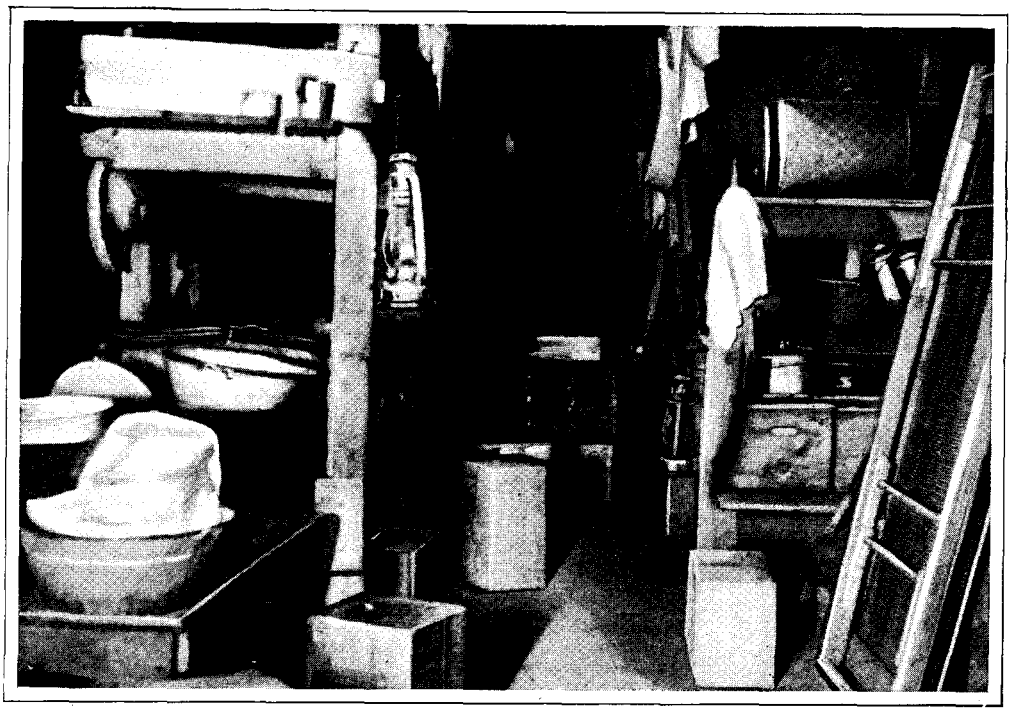

A SECTION OF A BOX CAR CONVERTED INTO A STOREHOUSE AND BEDROOM

In these unventilated, vermin-ridden bunks the padrone stores food, which in turn he sells to the men at a very high price

alone or the railways' concern or Italy's concern or Austria's concern—they are America's, for the protection of her citizens as well as of you. It does not pay your country nor ours to have you go back tuberculosis-infected, maimed, or rendered useless by our unguarded machinery or carelessness, or to have you stay here isolated from your family, living under conditions that you pray God daily your family may never hear about. It is not for your happiness nor ours that you sit in a ditch alongside a hot, dirty railway and write them about the wonderful country America is and say in defense of the lie, 'My family must never know I have no decent life; the wife she weep to see me so dirty, the children not kiss me—so rough.'"

Now is not this system poor economy and bad Americanism of the kind that breeds anarchy? The question naturally arises, Why does not the immigrant leave—why does he come here? The supply of men has been so great that it has been possible to get new men each year who knew nothing of conditions. The power of the padrone is so absolute that, once here, he can prevent their getting other jobs. Immigrants are now going to South America and to Canada in large numbers, and, once the stimulation and misrepresentations of the agents of those who profit off them are stopped, America will have a famine of unskilled laborers. America is reaping in discontent and disorder and loss of property and life, in proportion as it has failed to sow in the hearts of these trusting men and women who come here to work a sense of justice and fairness and mercy. The Government has had little thought for their protection, the trade union little interest in bettering their condition; the average citizen has not held out a friendly, helping hand, and the civic organization has not yet extended its help. This is true, in face of the fact that the remedies are comparatively simple. If we admit aliens, it follows that we must provide some sure, efficient process of assimilation, as effective as our system of admission and exclusion, and not leave it to hope and chance. We must unite our good forces of government and citizenship against the combinations which regard the alien not as of citizenship material but only as a pawn in the industrial game.

To begin with, the padrone must go. He is the survival of a political structure not countenanced to-day, when newer political ideals are fast coming into action. The padrone has no place in American life. His

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INTERIOR OF A CAR USED AS SLEEPING QUARTERS BY RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION LABORERS
In this car thirty men slept in bunks shared by both day and night shifts—thus two men occupied a bunk in turn practically continuously

very existence is sufficient explanation of some kinds of social unrest, for robbery, extortion, and injustice practiced on helpless men lead them toward anarchy. Keeping the padrone in power will more and more surely widen the breach between employers and employees. The padrone is obviously a bad business investment. If employers will stop dealing through the padrone and hire and house their own men or leave it to the men themselves, permitting them to buy what they want where they will, or boarding them as it does Americans, it would pave the way for securing contented and steady workmen. One road has abolished padroni and has built neat houses for its men, which they keep in good condition and orderly. Another road has an Italian foreman who has no difficulty in hiring men. Another road has introduced an accounting system which curtailed the graft so much that some of the padroni gave up the business. These employers have no difficulty in getting employees and keeping them. I wonder how many employers know that these padroni move gangs of men from one job to another weekly or monthly, collecting additional fees, unsettling the labor market, and making the men dissatisfied and restless—engendering the "hobo" spirit in men who have been steady peasant workers in their home country. *This elimination of the padroni is the employers' task.*

The industrial labor market must be organized. It is incredible that business men should tolerate the present methods. No other country can afford to do so, and we are competing with other countries in production. Private employment agencies charging fees must be replaced by municipal and State agencies with central registries and daily bulletins of unemployment and opportunities, all welded together through a Federal bureau of distribution. We have no knowledge, nor means of getting it, of the movement of unskilled labor. In this connection there should be a study of casual and seasonable labor and efforts made to dovetail employments or so organize industry that these evils will be reduced. One illustration will show our wastefulness: A railway knows that on December 1 it will discharge one hundred men at Binghamton, New York. A lumber camp in Essex County wants these men. They are simply turned out by the railway and come all of the way to New York City, spend their savings, and are demoralized by days of non-employment, wandering about at agencies and among padroni, and then, if they find

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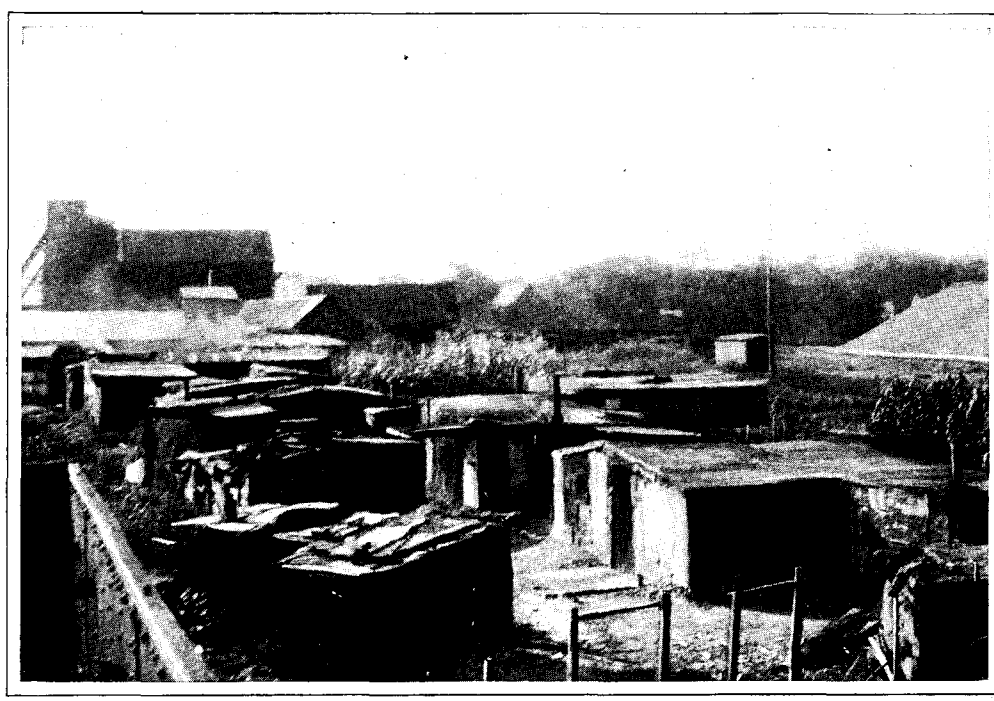
the agent to whom the lumber camp has applied, they are sent all the way back across the State or remain to crowd the tenements. Men can no longer find jobs at little cost and effort through our cumbersome, disorganized, unrelated, and wholly haphazard way of handling our labor supply, and should no longer be expected to do so. *This is the business of the Government.*

Under present conditions the carrying of the American message to the immigrant is a large task. He has much to learn. We know that he does not spend his wages wisely, that he does not eat the right food nor wear the right clothes for this climate, and that, as he lives now, he is cut off from Americanizing influences. He needs to be taught how Americans live, that no man can do good work under conditions now existing in average labor camps, that he must have fair wages, and that America is the place to spend them. The immigrant as he stands to-day is a producer, but a small consumer—an unwise combination for the country in which he lives. Too large a part of his savings and investments leaves America. The labor unions must do their share. It is for them to make the immigrant see how he ought to live now that he is an American workman. They should organize the immigrants so as to enable them to resist the padrone's extortions and to obtain fair conditions. These men want to know about this new country, about its duties, rights, and privileges. Classes in English and civics, the insistence on provisions for recreation, meet with a warm response, but are not enough to set things right unless connected with the labor conditions. Workmen can bring to each other what no others can supply. This should be done before grievances have come to bear so heavily that men can respond only in passion and not in understanding.

We must establish a minimum standard of living in such camps, covering living quarters, outbuildings, drainage, water supply, and refuse and garbage. No temporary camp should be established along the line of any public works without the approval of the health commissioner. New York State is the first State to take this matter up; its new health law provides for a council with power to adopt a sanitary code for all such camps.

It would be better if employers did not rely wholly upon law. For the section hands who are permanent employees the solution is the small section house with a room for sleeping, another for eating and cooking,



A LABOR CAMP UNDER A PADRONE'S SUPERVISION, RECENTLY MAINTAINED ALONG AN EASTERN RAILWAY

These dilapidated shacks were built by the laborers out of material found along the highway, yet every man was obliged to pay the padrone one dollar a month rental for the privilege of using one

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A MODERN LABOR CAMP AT KITCHEWAN, NEW YORK, UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE NEW YORK CITY BOARD OF WATER SUPPLY

This camp consists of portable houses, in which the men have comfortable sleeping quarters. The cooking, bathing, and laundry places are located at the left of the picture. Everything is kept in sanitary condition

with bathing and laundry facilities and sanitary provisions. For the construction gang, which consists of temporary men and has to cover considerable territory, there should be separate cars used only for sleeping, with proper ventilation, with steel bunks which are easily cleaned, and a car for dining and cooking purposes. Where there is more than one car—and they range as high as ten—I am convinced that such an arrangement will produce better labor results. Model section houses and cars for laborers have already been designed by those interested in housing conditions. I was much impressed, in a camp inspection, to find an old-time passenger and baggage car combined, which had been given to the men, set aside for recreation. It was used for dancing, card-playing, and smoking, was scrupulously neat, and, though the men were herded in the other cars, no one slept in it. For the public work gangs portable houses will answer every purpose. For the small industrial camp in which families live adequate provision should be made for separating the boarders from the family.

The increased cost will to some extent be offset by the increased ability to get or keep labor, avoidance of delay in completing work, and prevention of accidents due to faulty work by employees. Furthermore, the men will be found willing to pay for such accommodations. My experience in these camps does not lead me to agree with the people who excuse Americans on the ground that the immigrant will not be appreciative of decencies and comfort. In one labor camp, where the tunnel work on the aqueduct was exceptionally dirty, shower-baths were urged, and the contractor protested, not on the ground of cost, but because they would not be used. A month after their installation they were so popular that he had to put in an extra tank to get a sufficient water supply, and complained that his meal-bags were disappearing because the men in search for clean linen were making their shirts out of them.

The question facing America to-day is: Shall we leave the fixing of living standards to the Industrial Workers of the World to be worked out in terms of war, or shall we Americans work it out in terms of peace, utilizing to the full for American progress the splendid vitality, courage, loyalty, and intelligence which these men and women workers from abroad come here prepared to give to America?

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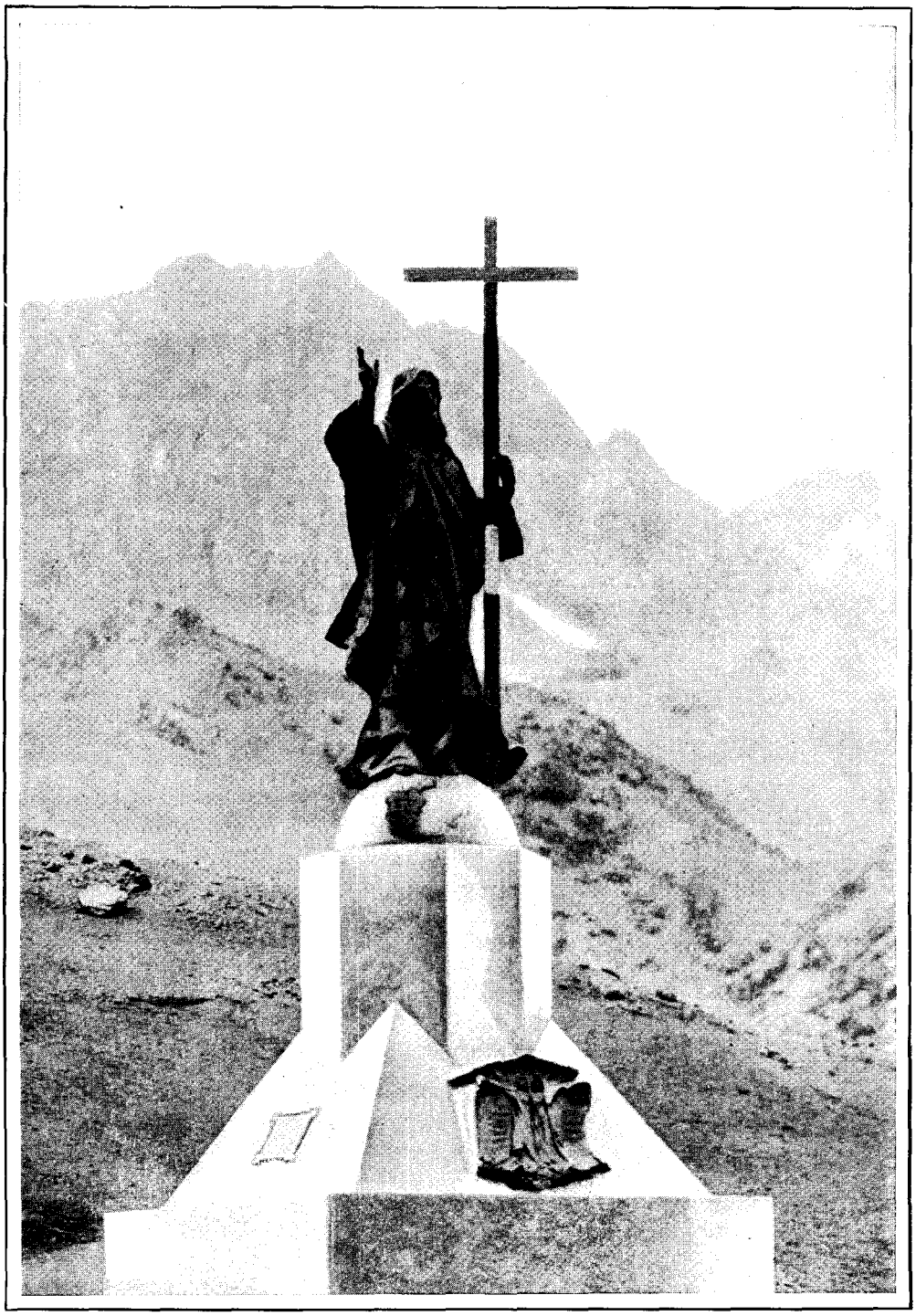

THE GREAT PEACE STATUE

"On the level summit of the pass stands the Christ of the Andes, a bronze statue of more than twice life size standing on a stone pedestal rough hewn from the natural rock. . . . There had been a long and bitter controversy between Chile and Argentina over the line of their boundary along the Andes, a controversy which more than once had threatened war. . . . After years of careful inquiry an award was delivered and a boundary line drawn in which both nations acquiesced. Grateful for their escape from what might have been a long and ruinous strife, they cast this figure out of the metal of cannon, and set up here this monument of peace and good will, unique in its place and in its purpose, to be an everlasting witness between them."—From "South America, Observations and Impressions," by James Bryce

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IN CHILE

FIRST IMPRESSIONS. THE ARMY AND NAVY; A CHILEAN RANCH

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

IN THE SERIES ON SOUTH AMERICA

ON the morning of November 21 we left Mendoza to cross the Andes. A good narrow-gauge railway now leads up the pass which, doubtless used from time immemorial by Indians, afterwards marked the course of traffic for their Spanish successors. There are tunnels at the top, and the old mule and carriage road on the very summit, where the great peace statue stands on the boundary between Chile and the Argentine, has been abandoned.

The ascent of the pass on the eastern slopes of the Andes was through a barren and desolate country. The line went through gray valleys, the steep slopes of the mountains towering on every hand. We sat on a seat in front of the engine for much of the time, and the scenery was wonderful. At one place, through a long ascending valley we saw the mighty peak of Aconcagua rising in its snows. Except in the Himalayas there is no loftier mountain. At an altitude of some ten thousand feet we stopped at a station where there are a natural bridge and hot springs. Here a very attractive and comfortable hotel has been built, and many people come to it in the summer. In the winter the snows sometimes lie deep and interrupt the railway traffic.

When we crossed the Chilean boundary and began to descend the western slopes, the landscape, while retaining its grandeur, became less desolate. At one point we went by a beautiful lake. Flowers of many colors abounded, and there were trees and huge cactus, like one species of the cactus of Arizona. We passed at the foot of lofty cliffs and went through narrow gorges. This trans-Andean line is one of those railways which of recent years have made the grandest scenery of the world accessible to the ordinary traveler.

Lower down the land became fertile. As we got into the lowlands, cultivated fields appeared and ox-carts took the place of the mule trains which we had occasionally seen higher up on the trails that climbed the sides of the barren mountains.

Finally, at about sunset, we reached the thickly settled country. At every town we were received with the utmost enthusiasm both by the officials and the population, the children, under their school-teachers, assembling precisely as in similar circumstances our own school-children assembled; and there were Boy Scouts, too, in numbers.

The country was beautiful and fertile. Chile is a land of great length. In breadth it is merely a strip between the Andes and the coast, and most of this narrow strip is occupied by the barren mountains. But the valleys are fertile, and the people are industrious, for they are of a stock that know how to work as well as they know how to fight.

Late in the evening we reached Santiago itself, and on the following days we saw much of the city. Like the other big cities of temperate South America, it lies in an equable and warm climate. These cities are cities of the temperate zone, but it is the temperate zone in which Marseilles and Naples, Barcelona and Cadiz, New Orleans and Los Angeles flourish, not the temperate zone of farther north.

The foothills of the Andes hem in the plain in which Santiago stands, and at the time of our visit in the late southern spring, November, snow still clung to their summits. But severe cold is almost unknown in the city itself, and palms of different kinds flourish side by side with trees, both native and imported, which belong to a colder climate.

Santiago is an efficiently policed, cleaned, and lighted modern city. As with all these large South American cities, I was struck by the attractive side of its social life, and by the healthy basis on which this social life rests. Here again, as in the Argentine and Brazil, it is the rule for the wife of the man in high social and political position to have a large family. The women are charmingly dressed; they are attractive; they speak French, and

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often English; and they are emphatically good wives and mothers.

We went to a number of entertainments, which were as charming as any similar entertainment in any capital of Europe would have been. We went to a state dinner at the President's. We attended a ball at the Jockey Club, a handsome building, and particularly attractive for dancing purposes, in my Northern eyes, because a good deal of the dancing was done under the stars in the open middle court. We went to the races. The race-course, which is well kept and handsomely situated, offered the spectacle that all such race-courses do offer, whether in Europe or South America.

A more unique type of entertainment was an afternoon tea or reception given on the hill called the Cerro St. Lucia. This is a sharp hill or little mountain rising out of the middle of the city. Paths zigzag and wind to the summit, and a wagon road leads nearly to the top. The hill is carefully planted, evidently by some experienced landscape gardener. The trees, grottoes, and cliffs are all charming, and the view in every direction across the city and across the surrounding plains to the great barren mountains in the background is wonderful. On that afternoon admittance to the entire hill was by invitation, and as the political framework of society in Chile is on a distinctly aristocratic basis, the entertainment itself, although given by the municipality, was much like any of the other social functions, so far as the guests were concerned.

One of the pleasant functions was a quiet breakfast at the Archbishop's in the old Archiepiscopal Palace, with its tree-filled inner yard and its heavily colonnaded galleries; the big rooms and private chapels were paneled, and the Colonial woodwork and furniture were curiously carved and ornamented. Santiago was the seat of a bishopric from its foundation in the middle of the sixteenth century, and soon after Chile became an independent republic the bishop was made an archbishop. The breakfast was given to Father Zahm and myself. At a previous dinner given for Father Zahm by Monsignor Duprat in Buenos Aires Father Zahm had quoted as illustrative of the attitude of the United States in religious matters my statement while I was President that as President I had always behaved toward my fellow-citizens who were Catholics precisely as I would desire that a Catholic President should behave toward his fellow-citizens who were Protestants. As I think this pretty sound doctrine, I was pleased to have it again referred to in the little address of welcome made to me at the Archiepiscopal Palace in Santiago.

On Sunday I went to the American Union Church. The clergyman, Mr. Lesser, is a Presbyterian, an old Amherst baseball player, and a thoroughly fine fellow. This is a genuine union church. Any one who will come is made welcome. The sermon was delivered by a representative of the Salvation Army. The Salvation Army does very real good in Santiago, and not only our own Minister, but the English Minister, told me that it is the one place where they can be certain of having care and attention shown any of their unfortunate countrymen who are in dire straits. The plight of an American or an Englishman who finds himself without money or friends in a strange seaboard city is sore, and the Salvation Army in its valiant fight for souls never forgets to take care of the bodies. Among those present in the congregation was Dr. Shelley, himself a Methodist minister, head of Santiago College, a good school for girls, and Dr. Browning, the head of a similar institution for boys. Then there was a Catholic from Indiana, Miss Brennan, who explained that she had come because she felt that she had to see "her President," an American ex-President. She had come down to teach in a Chilean normal school, and she had with her half a dozen of her fellow-teachers and former pupils who were Chileans.

On Thanksgiving Day I went to Santiago College to meet the American colony. Miss Brennan and a dozen of her fellow-teachers were there, and among them were two ladies from South Dakota who were great friends of the Seth Bullocks—which was, of course, an immediate passport to my regard. Then there was an attractive Chilean family, that of Mr. Egan, whose father, Mr. Patrick Egan, had been American Minister in Chile. Then there were Mrs. Maguire and Mrs. Kilpatrick, both of them Chileans and widows of officers of our Civil War. Mrs. Kilpatrick's husband was the famous cavalry leader. One day when we took lunch at the Legation she sent round for our use the silver cups presented to her husband by the veterans of the Loyal Legion of Connecticut.

There is a beautiful park system. One of these parks includes a huge central ring or oval in which sports are played and troops

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maneuvered. Chileans are very fond of football, and football-playing goes on every afternoon in this oval, many teams taking part. There are also bicycle races and other athletic games.

A specially arranged parade of the Boy Scouts took place at this oval in my honor. There were no less than two thousand Boy Scouts assembled, not only from Santiago, but from some of the districts of northern and southern Chile. They were camped in the public park. Among the Boy Scouts there were Red Cross organizations for girls, and in the march past these were even more enthusiastically applauded than were the Boy Scouts themselves. Every healthy boy, whether of the United States or Chile or anywhere else, wants to feel that if the necessity comes he can be a soldier—he is not worth his salt and has not the slightest chance of making a good citizen unless he does possess this desire. Accordingly, the Boy Scouts organization, which does so much to produce the best qualities needed in peace, has also an undoubted value because it inculcates certain virtues which are equally useful in war.

In Chile, as in most other countries, the drill of the army has been on the German method. This drill has been extended to the Boy Scouts, and includes the parade step of the German infantry when they pass before the reviewing officer. The crowd was hugely delighted with the way in which, as each company of Boy Scouts passed the reviewing officers, the boys fell into the parade step in the most approved Potsdam fashion. An interesting feature of the Boy Scout movement in Chile, which was organized by General Baden-Powell himself, is that it has been transported from Chile to Spain, where it is now flourishing. As I looked at the Scouts and realized how much the movement had meant for South America, I felt a very sincere feeling of gratitude toward the men who in my own country have taken up and pushed forward the movement.

We visited the seaport of Valparaiso, four hours distant by train from Santiago. The railway runs through a dry country, for all this country is dry in summer. But the soil is admirable, and wherever there has been irrigation the crops are excellent. The city of Valparaiso itself is one of the chief ports of the Pacific. It is progressing rapidly, as all these South American cities of importance are progressing, and arrangements are being pushed forward for the improvement of the port facilities.

There is very little immigration to Chile, and therefore there is not the phenomenal growth in wealth and population that has occurred in certain other South American countries. But the upper classes show evidence of mixture with the English, German, and other business men who have come here during the last two generations—this aside from the men of English, Irish, and French blood, not to speak of those of the United States, who came here to take part in the war of independence. There will ultimately come in Chile a big industrial development connected with the utilization of the water power from the mountain streams, and her industrious natives are fit material for the development of such enterprises. I hope that when the time for this development comes the Chilean people will profit by the mistakes made by the present-day industrial nations, and will shape their laws so as to secure fair play for workers, owners, and managers alike.

There is little or no Indian blood among the upper classes, the governing and directing classes, but it is very evident in the ranks of the lower and of what may now not improperly be called the middle class, a class which has developed only during the last half-century. This Indian blood is from the old Araucanians, those valorous Indians who for three centuries fought with the Spaniards on even terms. I doubt if there could be better material for a nation than that afforded by the mixture of the strains of these two virile types.

When people who are not of very large means travel under circumstances that make them more or less representatives of their nations, not only is the work, however interesting, very fatiguing, but it is also fraught with disastrous surprises to the clothes. All persons who have had the good fortune to see George Ade's "Sultan of Sulu" will remember the lifelike representation of a typical "Governor's hat;" and all those other persons who for their misfortune have had to take part in political campaigns have under certain circumstances traveled around the country in top hats which rapidly grew to resemble that which the Sultan of Sulu was asked to accept as a symbol of his office. By the time I had reached Santiago my own top hat had begun to bear an unpleasant resemblance to the Governor's hat of George

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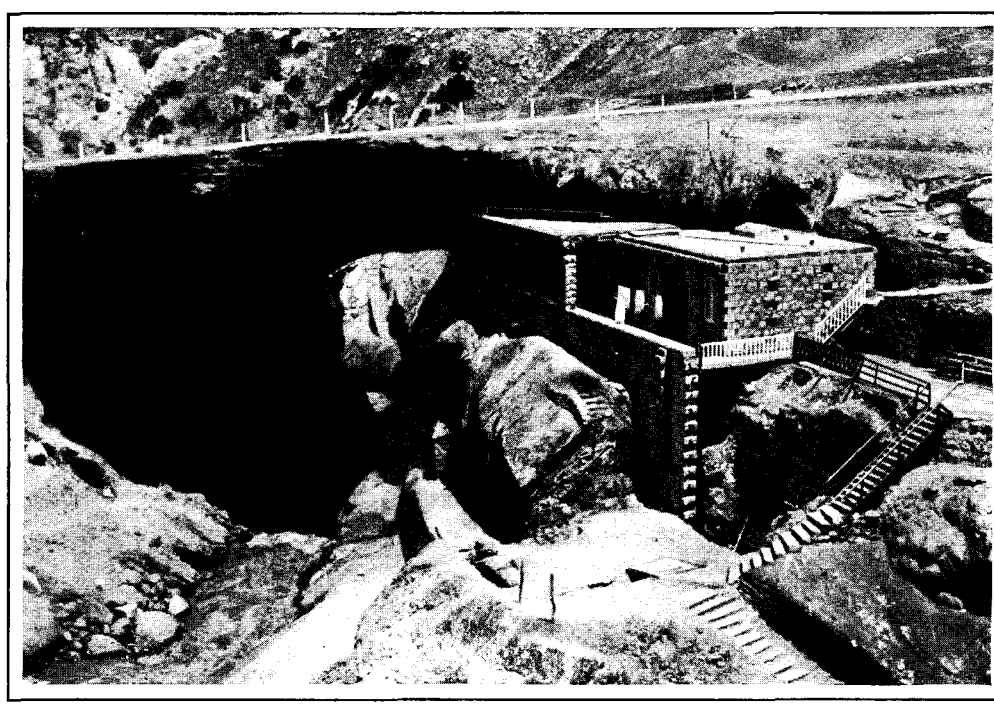
PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK HARPER

A STREET SCENE IN BUSY MENDOZA, THE CAPITAL OF THE WINE PROVINCE OF SOUTH AMERICA

This is the starting-point for the railway trip across the Andes into Chile. It is a thriving and picturesque city of eighty-five thousand inhabitants



PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK HARPER

THE HOT SPRINGS TEN THOUSAND FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL AT PUNTA DEL INCA

"Unusual natural phenomena," writes James Bryce in his book on South America, "are called after the Incas in these countries, just as they are after the devil in Europe. Hot springs which gush from the ground have been turned to account in a small bathing establishment to which a few visitors resort in summer"

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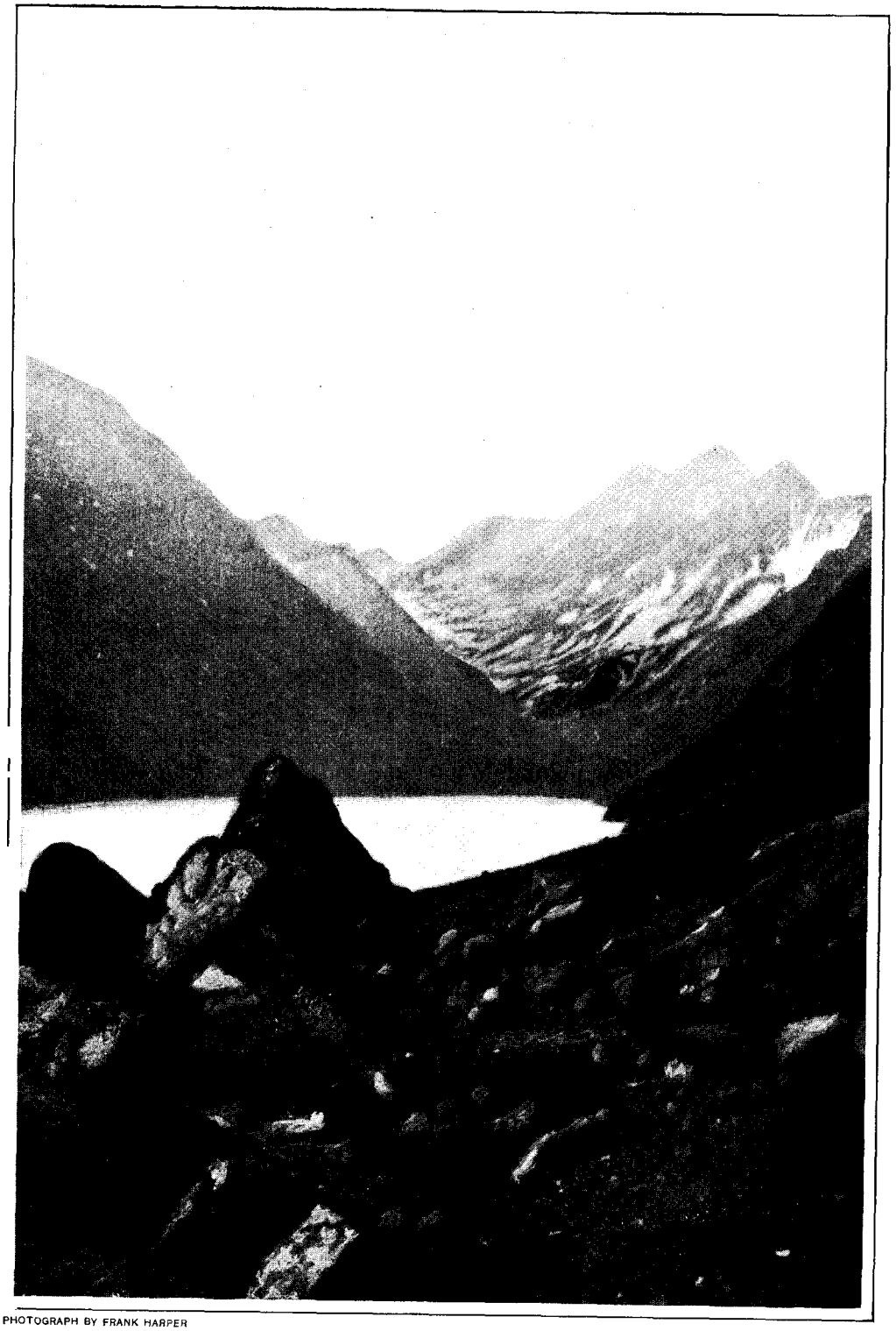

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FRESH-WATER LAKE NEAR THE SUMMIT OF THE ANDES, WITH SNOW-CAPPED PEAKS IN THE DISTANCE, AS SEEN FROM THE RAILWAY

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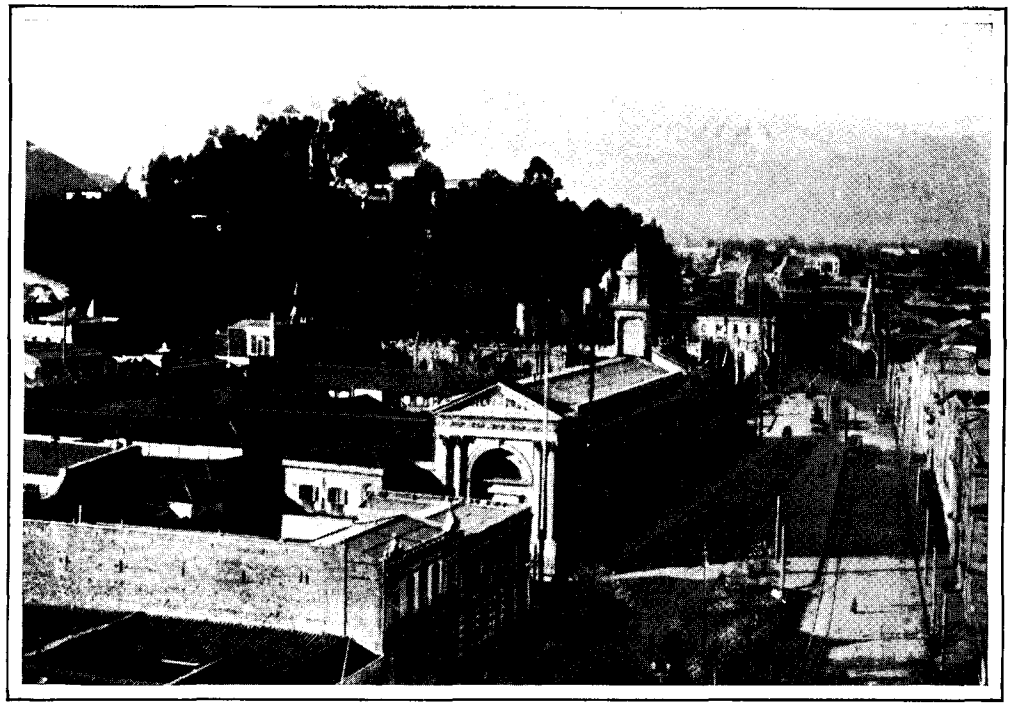
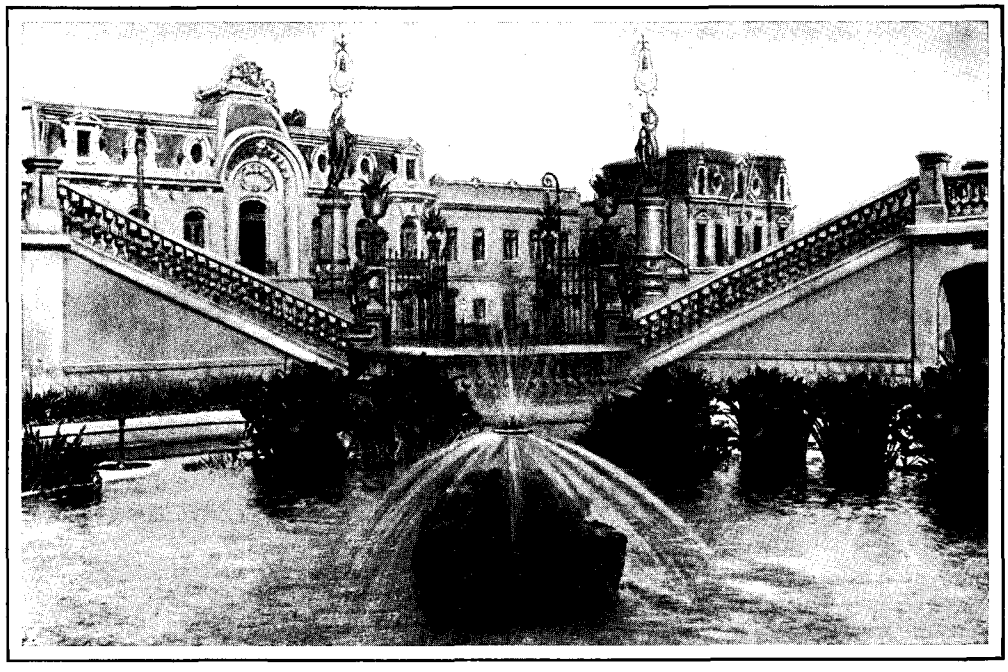


A DISTINGUISHING FEATURE OF THE CITY OF SANTIAGO, CHILE, IS THE SMALL HILL, SANTA LUCIA, TO THE LEFT OF THE PICTURE, WHICH RISES FROM THE CENTER OF THE CITY



ENTRANCE TO SANTA LUCIA

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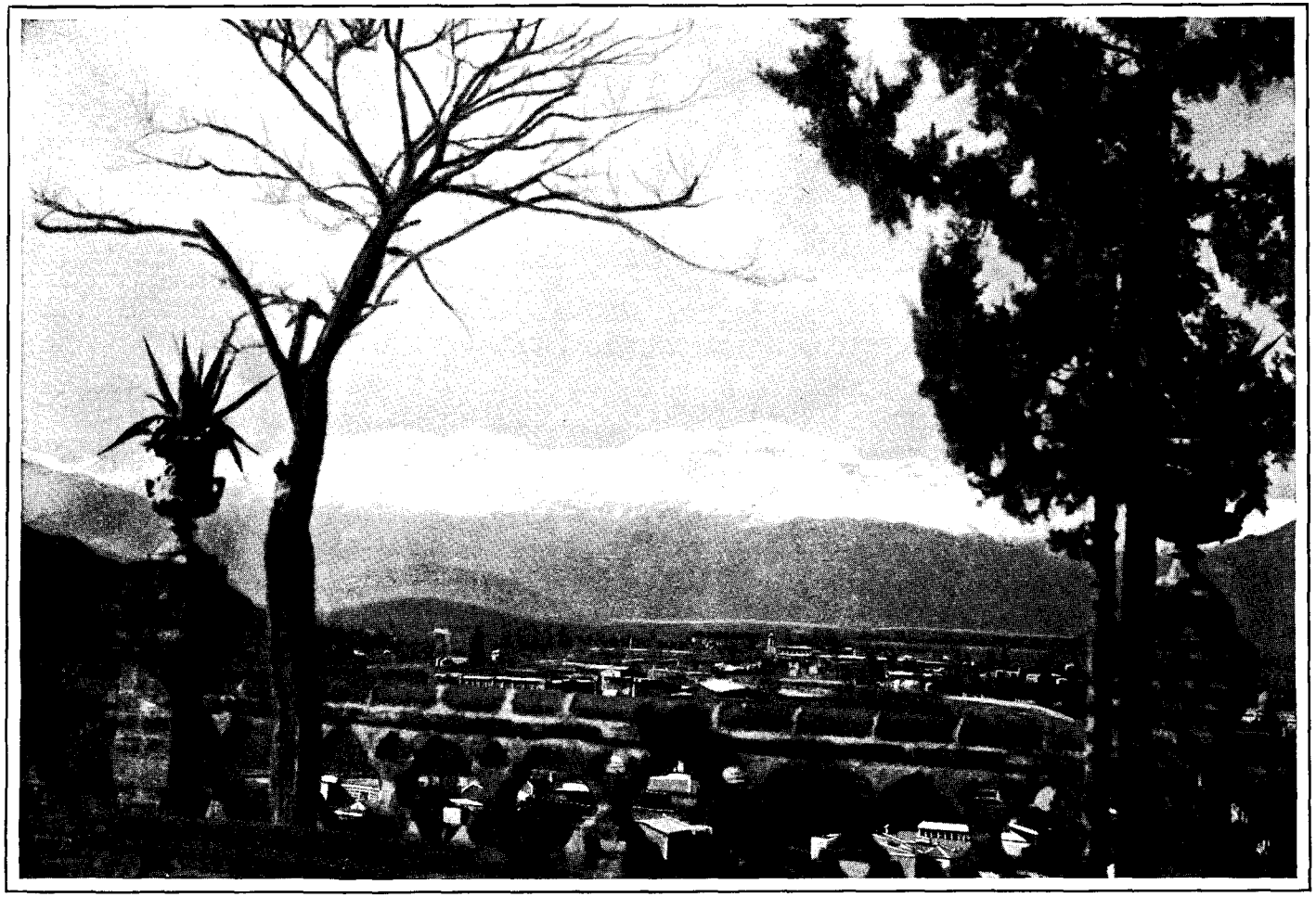

THE WHITE PEAKS OF THE ANDES AS SEEN FROM THE SUMMIT OF SANTA LUCIA—THE HILL PICTURED ON THE PRECEDING PAGE—WITH THE CITY OF SANTIAGO IN THE FOREGROUND. *THE HILL ITSELF HAS BEEN DEVELOPED AS A BEAUTIFUL PUBLIC PARK*

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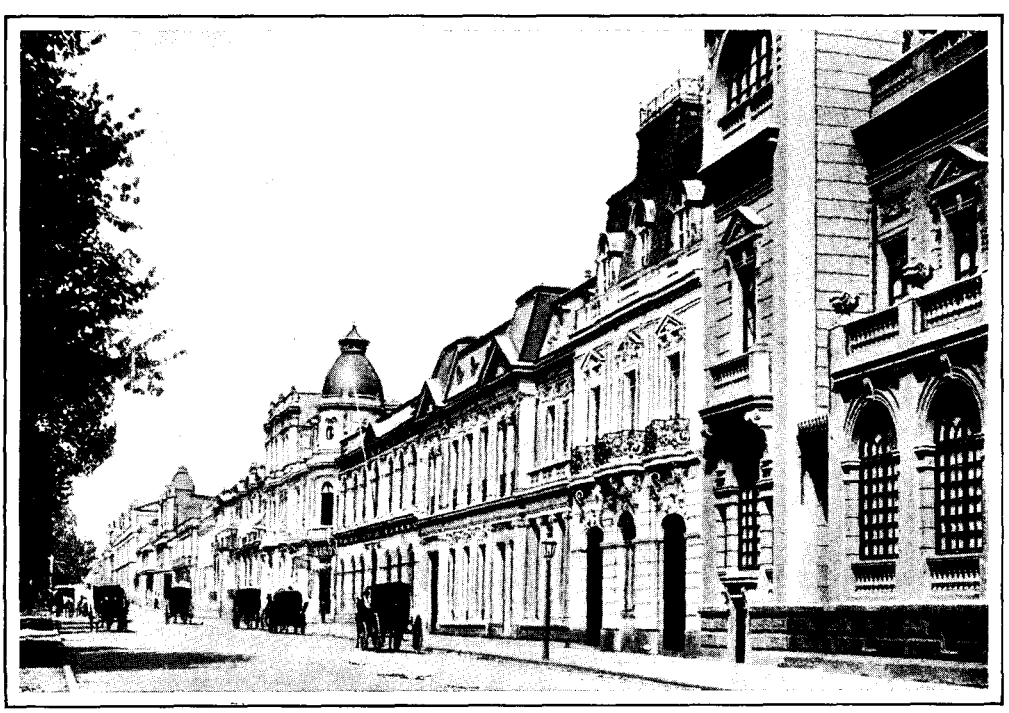
PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK HARPER

A STREET IN SANTIAGO, SHOWING CHILEAN GIRLS WEARING SPANISH MANTILLAS. THIS STYLE OF DRESS IS QUITE COMMON AND IS CONSIDERED A MARK OF PIETY



AN IDEA OF THE PROSPERITY OF SANTIAGO CAN BE HAD FROM THIS GLIMPSE OF PRIVATE RESIDENCES ON THE AVENIDA DE LAS DELICIAS

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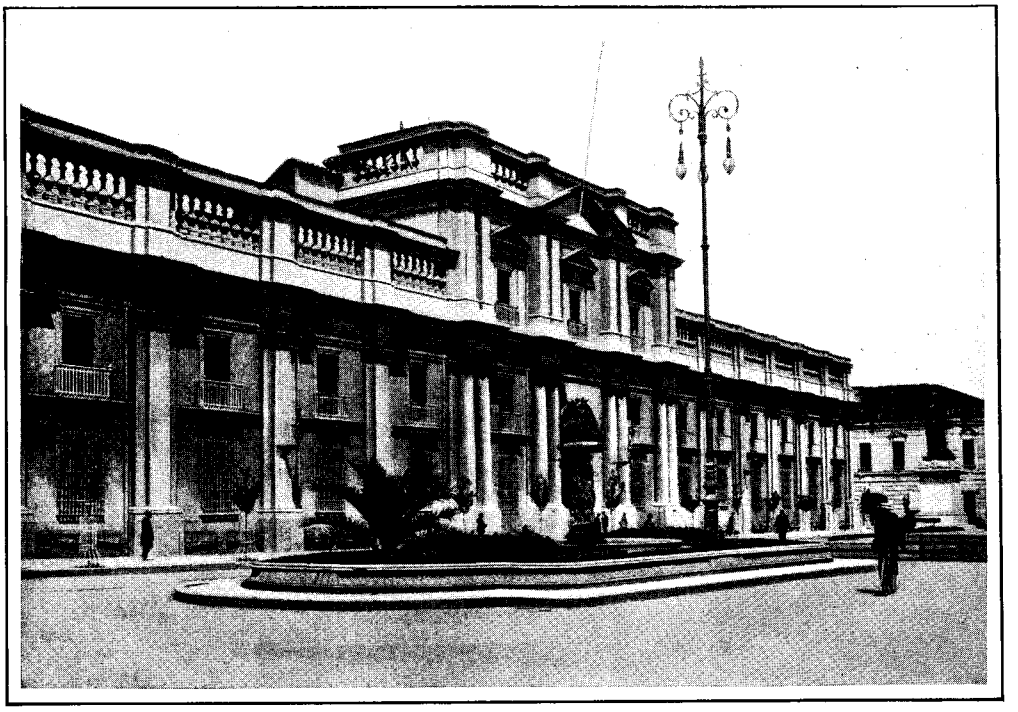
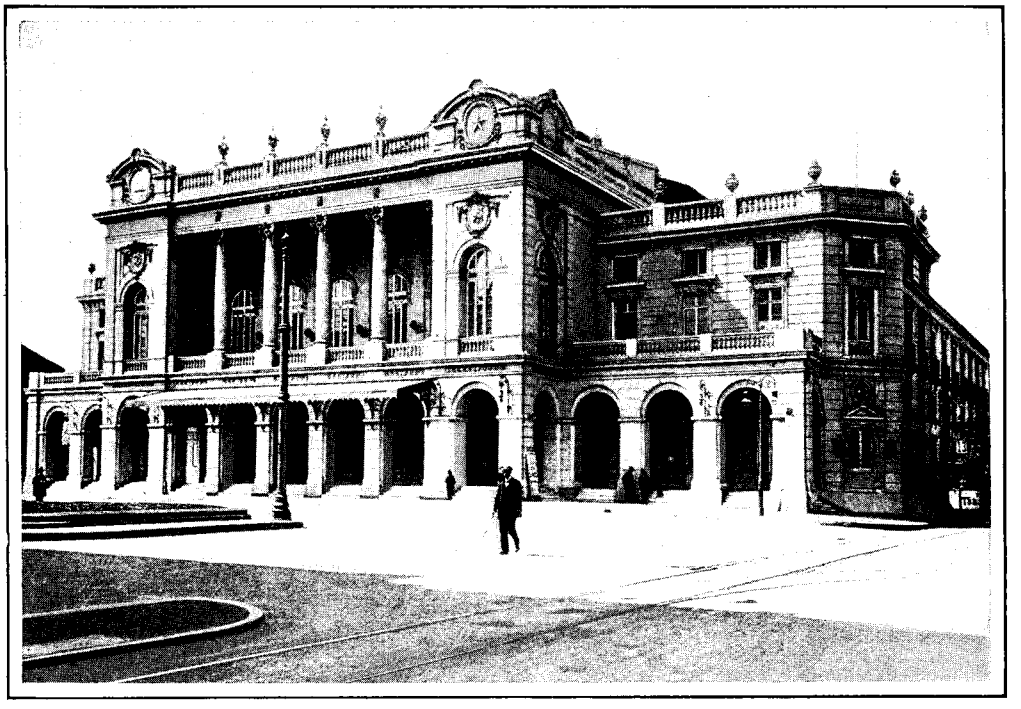


GOVERNMENT HOUSE IN SANTIAGO, AT WHICH MR. ROOSEVELT WAS ENTERTAINED BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC AND HIS CABINET



THE FINE MUNICIPAL OPERA-HOUSE, AT WHICH MR. ROOSEVELT SPOKE IN SANTIAGO

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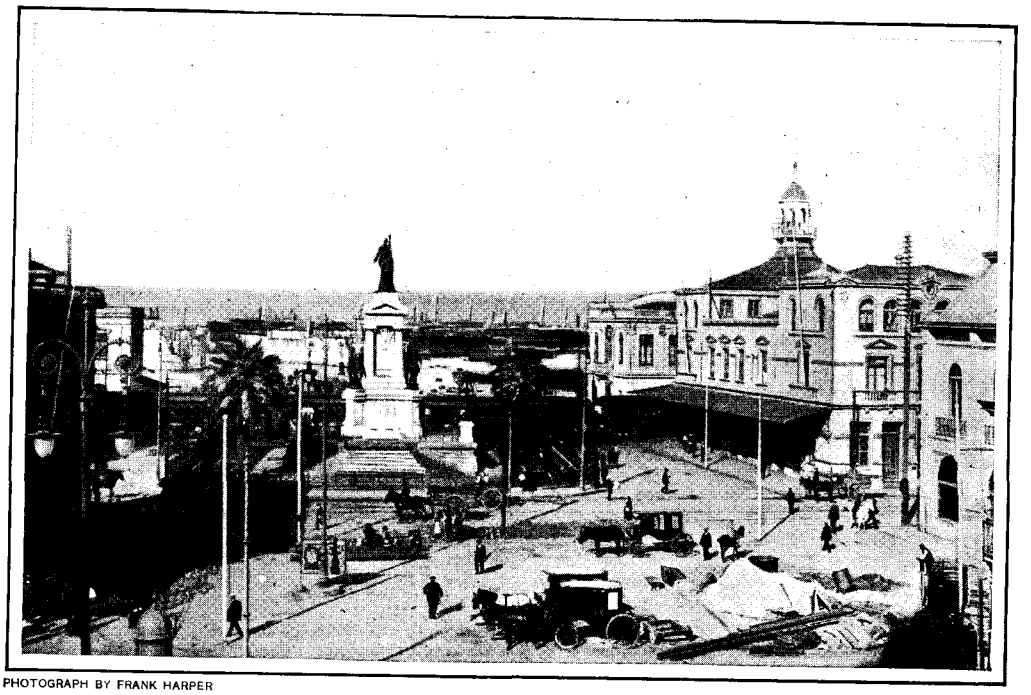

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK HARPER

LOOKING OUT FROM THE MAYOR'S PALACE UPON THE PLAZA, VALPARAISO

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK HARPER

THE BUSY HARBOR OF VALPARAISO, WHICH IS TO THE PACIFIC COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA WHAT SAN FRANCISCO IS TO THE PACIFIC COAST OF NORTH AMERICA

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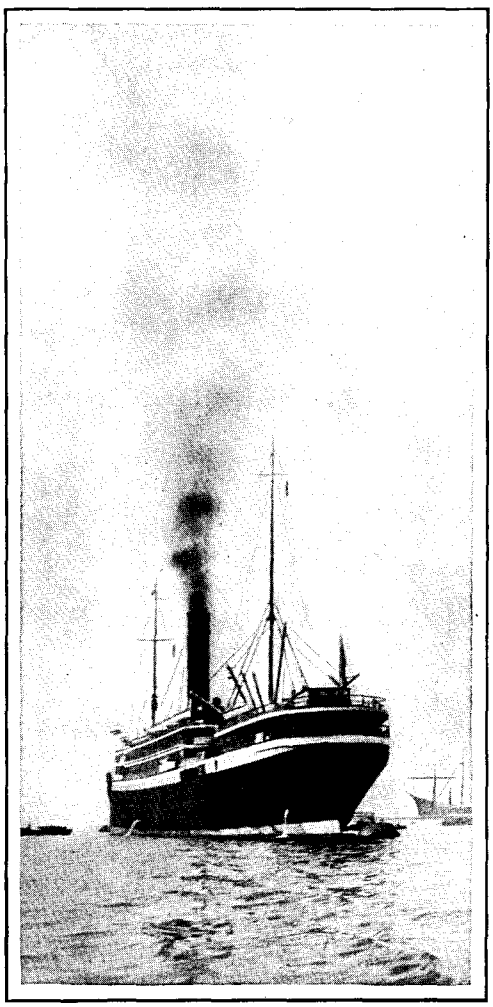
Ade's play—and this was all the more disastrous as my hosts and hostesses were so perfectly dressed.

No one can go through Chile without being struck by the fixity and solidarity of the national type. Although there is much Indian blood among the lower classes, and very little indeed among the governing and directing classes, and although among the latter there are strains of Irish, English, French, and German blood mixed with the Spanish, yet the characteristics of all the classes taken as a whole show at least as much similarity as in any other country with a well-established national type, and much more than is shown by most countries. Moreover, for the great good fortune of Chile, there is in this type a strain of the heroic. The average Chilean, high or low, is intensely patriotic, and he has the fighting edge. There is in him a power, an energy, and an assertion of his own individuality, combined with readiness to merge that individuality in the common good, that, taken together, account for much of Chile's really noteworthy military success.



PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK HARPER

STEAMING OUT OF THE HARBOR OF VALPARAISO

Like the Argentine, Chile has carried out the old American theory of an armed militia in effective and thoroughgoing fashion. All her young men are trained in the army for about a year, the training being so arranged that if they show special excellence in mastering and performing their duties they get off with much less time. My informants were a unit in telling me that the effect upon the national character had been wholly good, and had added to the bold and vigorous but somewhat turbulent spirit of the average man an invaluable habit of discipline and self-control.

One day I went to the Cavalry School near Santiago to see the young officers and some of the enlisted men manage their horses. The school is an excellent one, doing very fine work. As generally, the German army is taken as the model, whereas the fleet follows the British model. In certain points of horsemanship, however, it was the Italian and not the German system that had been adopted. We first saw a dozen men managing schooled horses, for the most part thoroughbred racers, in the ring. Better horsemanship would not be shown anywhere in any school of the kind. Then we shifted to out of doors, and a number of the officers and a number of the enlisted men went round the steeplechase course over jumps, some of them really difficult, and one representing the kind of country where it is necessary to ride down an almost perpendicular wall. Scores of officers and men went over the entire course without making a single mistake, and almost without a refusal. These officers were for the most part, as is true of the highest ranks everywhere, pure white by blood, but some few of them had a strong trace of Indian, and these did just as well as the others. It would be impossible to desire to see a manlier, a more gallant, and a more efficient set of cavalrymen than those turned out by this institution.

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On another day I visited Talcahuano, the port of instruction and repair for the Chilean fleet. I had two capital aides, Captain Gomez of the navy and Major Ewing of the army, and with them along I needed no professional interpreter. Captain Gomez, who strikingly reminded me of our own best men of the Admiral Evans type, had been on the Blanca when that battle-ship was sunk by the Condor and the Lynch, in the hands of the Balmacedistas. He had also commanded at Santiago after the earthquake, and had the nerve and judgment to rise level to the needs of the appalling crisis. It sounded like home to hear how, because of his efficiency and disregard of red tape, he was accused after the crisis was over of having behaved in an unconstitutional manner.

Interesting though the modern ships were, and interesting though the two torpedo-boats that had survived the last great war also were, I was most interested and impressed by the Huascar. She was the Peruvian ironclad which, almost single-handed, for many months neutralized the Chilean attack. Her deck had been the scene of heroic deeds that but few other navies can match and none surpass. The first engagement in the war in which the Huascar took part was with an old wooden corvette of Chile—the Esmeralda. The Huascar was then an ironclad of a fairly modern type, and the Esmeralda was no more able to contend against her than the Congress and the Cumberland were able to contend against the Merrimac. Yet the Esmeralda fought to the death, going down with colors flying and guns firing, with a loss of four-fifths of her crew. The Huascar rammed the Esmeralda again and again. After the first ramming, as the ships separated, the Chilean captain endeavored to lead his men aboard the ironclad. The ships broke apart as he did so, leaving him with only one supporter on the decks of the ironclad. None of his foes were on the deck, being sheltered within their iron fortresses. Yet Arturo Prat, the captain, and his one follower, with no thought of either surrender or success, and with but a few seconds to live, rushed on until they were one on each side of the turret, where they fell dead. The points where they fell have been marked. Yet once more, when the Esmeralda was again rammed, a dozen of her crew, led by a lieutenant, leaped on the decks of the ironclad to die sword in hand. Meanwhile the second in command, Uribe—a fine, gentle, valiant soul, whom I met at Valparaiso, and who reminded me of Admiral Dewey—fought his doomed ship to the last; the water streaming into her wooden hull through the shot-holes and the great rents made by the beak of the ironclad. He was himself picked up when the vessel foundered. It was one of those heroic defeats, like Thermopylæ and the Alamo, which give renown to those who fell, and add incalculably, because morally, to the strength of the nation fortunate enough to call the dead men her sons. For some months the Huascar, a relatively swift boat, and handled with the utmost daring and resourcefulness, held back the whole Chilean advance. Then, one day, she was overtaken by a bigger and more powerful adversary—the Cochrane. She fought until she was a slaughter-pen, her gallant Peruvian captain, Grau, being one of the slain. Not long afterwards, while in the Chilean navy, and bombarding a Peruvian fort, her captain was killed on her quarter-deck—the third captain who had fallen aboard her within a few months. There is no other ironclad afloat that has had such a history as hers. To tread the decks of the Huascar must profoundly affect every man whose soul can be stirred by the memory of deeds of high valor.

I had visited the Navy Club at Valparaiso, and I had witnessed a review of infantry, artillery, and cavalry. The commanding officer on the latter occasion was a general who to a fine military record added a thorough and delightful knowledge of the best literature. His three favorite books, as he informed me, were "The Imitation of Christ," "Don Quixote," and "Pickwick;" and I believe that he knew the latter quite as well as I did—although I have always rather prided myself on my knowledge of "Pickwick." In his youth he had taken part in the desperate fighting that marked the Pacific War, the war between Chile and Peru, and the civil war which ended in Balmaceda's overthrow—the last being nearly coincident with the last civil disturbance in Brazil and Argentina, since which time the three nations have been in practically unbroken peace.

Many desperate deeds were done by the Chilean navy a hundred years ago in the war of independence, the most wonderful feat being performed under the lead of Admiral Cochrane, the foreigner who played in the Chilean navy of that day a part like that which John Paul Jones, also a foreigner, played in our own Revolutionary War. A

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hundred years have passed, and in every generation the Chilean army and navy have had to their credit deeds of high enterprise and heroic valor. The world has rightly praised and wondered at the prowess shown by the Japanese against Russia. It was no greater than the prowess shown by the Chileans in their wars of the preceding quarter of a century. The energy, the intense patriotism, the terrible courage, displayed by the Chileans in these wars were on a smaller scale than those displayed by the Japanese, but in kind they were the same and in degree as great. There is nothing else to compare with them of late years, save the similar display made by the Bulgarians in the extraordinary campaign that culminated with the capture of Adrianople—a campaign which was followed by the lamentable folly that caused the loss of almost all that had been gained.

In the port where the Chilean ships, both cruisers and torpedo-boats, lay no one could help being struck by the excellence of the personnel among the officers and the enlisted men. The naval material was somewhat antiquated, but a resolute effort is being made by the working force to remedy any shortcomings. The Chilean navy is again receiving from the Government the attention to which it is entitled.

I very earnestly hope that the navies of Chile, the Argentine, and Brazil will be kept up at least to their present relative pitch of efficiency as compared with the other navies of the world. These three powers should henceforth feel that they are co-guarantors with the United States of the Monroe Doctrine, and they cannot be this unless they possess strength, and the will and the power to use it at need, should any Old World nation ever again seek to make the New World ground for its expansion.

I very earnestly believe in peace. I abhor unjust war; I abhor and despise all men who lightly or wantonly do deeds that jeopardize peace. I believe that ways can be found which gradually, as nations grow more civilized, more on an equality of good conduct and right living, will permit of the substitution of other methods than those of war for the settlement of international disputes. But in the international body politic, as in every other body, natural or artificial, it is as foolish to attempt to draw into existence a function before there is an organ through which it can act as to create an organ before the function itself can be exercised. The belief that signing names to a bit of paper, and calling it a treaty, in itself abolishes the facts of life is so foolish as hardly to be even pathetic. By treaty Korea is now an independent power, and North Schleswig part of Denmark. Are they such in fact? Does any body of peace people hope to make them such? If arbitral courts had existed in the days of our grandfathers, with the powers which the less wise among their grandsons fondly imagine ought to be given them, California and Colorado would now be parts of Mexico, enjoying whatever blessings complete absence from foreign war has secured that country during the last three years. As for how much a concert of the powers to enforce neutrality or right amounts to let Adrianople bear witness. At this moment Adrianople is Turkish simply because the solemn declarations of all the great powers of Europe combined mean literally nothing in the face of even a feeble antagonist who is resolute. Probably of all ingenious ways for securing the certainty of mischief, the most unerringly efficient is that of international agreement for the neutralization of a land under circumstances like those which well-meaning but weak-minded enthusiasts have thought would warrant the application of the doctrine to the Philippines. As yet the great free nations of the world, which, however stumblingly, do really strive for justice, would inevitably suffer the fate of China if they imitated the attitude of military impotence which China is herself at last realizing that it is vital for her to abandon.

In particular we should face the fact that America would unquestionably be the ground for the expansion of the overcrowded powers of Europe and Asia if it were not for the potential military strength of the United States, and—I believe and hope I may add—were it not also for the potential military strength of such South American nations as Brazil, the Argentine, and Chile. I also hope that in the end we shall be able to include in this list many other American nations as rapidly as they acquire the material prosperity and the moral solidity and self-restraint without which well-being cannot exist. The peace of righteousness is a noble ideal, and as yet it can be obtained in the world at large only if the righteous are able to defend their rights. The peace that might come temporarily as the result of impotence and weakness, of the soft shirking of effort and the foolish belief that danger can be

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avoided by saying that it does not exist, would last for but a moment and would then be paid for by world-wide bloodshed and disaster. To divorce might from right is an uncommonly foolish procedure from the standpoint of right. The free and peace-loving nations, in the present state of the world's progress, can preserve the blessings of peace and righteousness only as long as they are both able and willing, if necessity should demand it, to use their potential strength against wrong-doers.

One of the most interesting experiences and one of the pleasantest and most interesting days we passed was at a great ranch, a great cattle farm and country place twenty-five or thirty miles from Santiago. It was three-quarters of an hour by motor from the railway station. The road led through a rich, fertile country largely under tillage, but also largely consisting of great fenced pastures.

The owners of the ranch, our hosts, had summoned all the riders of the neighborhood to attend the sports, and several hundred, perhaps a thousand, came. With the growth of cultivation of the soil and the introduction of improved methods of stock-breeding in Chile, the old rude life of the wild cow-herders is passing rapidly away. These countrymen lived their lives in the saddle. All whose industries are connected with cattle were, and their descendants are, known as *huasos*. They are kin to the Argentine *gauchos*, and more remotely to our own cowboys.

As we neared the ranch, slipping down broad, dusty, tree-bordered roads beside which irrigation streams ran, we began to come across the *huasos* gathering for the sports. They rode singly and by twos and threes, or in parties of fifteen or twenty. They were on native Chilean horses—stocky, well-built beasts, hardy and enduring, and on the whole docile. Almost all the men wore the light *manta*, less heavy than the *serapi*, but like it in shape, the head of the rider being thrust through a hole in the middle. It would seem as though it might interfere with the free use of their arms, but it does not, and at the subsequent cattle sports many of the participants never took off their *mantas*. The riders wore straw hats of various types, but none of them with the sugar-loaf cones of the Mexicans. Their long spurs bore huge rowels. The *mantas* were not only picturesque, but gave the company a look of diversified and gaudy brilliancy, for they were of all possible colors, green, red, brown, and blue, solid and patterned. The saddles were far forward, and the shoe-shaped wooden stirrups were elaborately carved.

THE SMALLEST "GIRL GUIDE" IN THE WORLD, A MEMBER OF THE AUXILIARY BRANCH OF "BOY SCOUTS," IN SANTIAGO

The men were fine-looking fellows, some with smooth faces or mustaches, some with beards, some of them light, most of them dark. They rode their horses with the utter ease found only in those who are born to the saddle. Now and then there were family parties, mother and children, all, down to the smallest, riding their own horses or perhaps all going in a wagon. Once or twice we passed horsemen who were coming out of the yards of their tumble-down houses, women

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and children crowding round. Generally the women had something in the dress that reminded one more or less of our Southwestern semi-civilized Indians, and the strain of Indian blood in both men and women was evident. Some of the men were poorly clad, others had paid much attention to their get-up and looked like very efficient dandies; but in its essentials the dress was always the same.

When we reached the ranch we first drove to a mass of buildings, which included the barns, branding-pens, corrals, and the like. It was here that the horsemen had galloped, and one of the pens was filled with an uneasy mass of cattle. Not far from this pen was a big hitching rail or bar, very stout, consisting of tree trunks at least a foot in diameter, the total length of the rail being forty or fifty feet. Beside it was a very large and stout corral. The inside of this corral was well padded with poles, making a somewhat springy wall, a feature I have never seen in any corrals in our own ranch country, but essential where the horses are trained to jam the cattle against the corral side.

Most of the sports took place inside this big corral. Gates led into it from opposite ends. Some thirty or forty feet in front of one of the gates, therefore just about that distance from the middle of the corral, was a short, crescent-faced fence which served to keep the stock that had yet to be worked separated from those that had been worked. Proceedings were begun by some thirty riders and a mob of cattle coming through one of the doors of the corral. A glance at the cattle was enough to show that the old days of the wild ranches had passed. These were not longhorns, staring, vicious creatures, shy and fleet as deer; they were graded stock, domestic in their ways, and rather reluctant to run. Among the riders, however, there was not the slightest falling off from the old dash and skill, and their very air, as they rode quietly in, and the way they sat every sudden, quick move of their horses, showed their complete ease and self-confidence.

The first feat performed began by two of the horsemen, acting together, cutting out an animal from the bunch. This was done with skill and precision, but differed in no way from the work I used formerly to see and take part in on the Little Missouri. What followed, however, was totally different. The animal was raced by the two men out from the herd and from behind the little semicircular fence, and was taken at full speed round the edge of the great corral past the closed gate on the other side, and almost back to the starting-point. One horseman rode behind the animal, a little on its inner side. The other rode outside it, the horse's head abreast of the steer's flank. As they galloped the riders uttered strange, long-drawn cries, evidently of Indian origin. Round the corral rushed the steer, and, after it passed the door on the opposite side and began to return toward its starting-point and saw the other cattle ahead of it, it put on speed. Then the outside rider raced forward and at the same moment wheeled inward, pinning the steer behind the horns and either by the neck or shoulder against the rough yielding boughs with which the corral was lined. Instantly the other horseman pressed the steer's hind quarters outward, so that it found itself not only checked, but turned in the opposite direction. Again it was urged into a gallop, the calling horsemen following and repeating their performance. The steer was thus turned three times. After the third turning the gate which it had passed was opened and it trotted out.

A dozen times different pairs of riders performed the feat with different steers. It was a fine exhibition of daring prowess and of good training in both the horses and the riders. Of course if it had not been for the lining of the inner fence with timber poles the steer would have been killed or crippled—we saw one of them injured, as it was. The horse, which entered heartily into the spirit of the chase, had to crash straight into the fence, nailing the steer and bringing it to a standstill in the midst of its headlong gallop. Once or twice at the critical moment the rider was not able to charge quickly enough; and when the steer was caught too far back it usually made its escape and rejoined the huddle of cattle from which it had been cut out. The men were riders of such skill that shaking them in their seats was impossible, no matter how quickly the horse turned or how violent the shocks were; nor was a single horse hurt in the rough play. It was a wild scene, and an exhibition of prowess well worth witnessing.

Other exhibitions of horsemanship followed, including the old feat of riding a bull. A bull, a vicious one, was left alone in the ring, and his temper soon showed signs of extreme shortness as he pawed the dirt, tossing it above his shoulders. Watching the chance when the bull's attention was fixed elsewhere,

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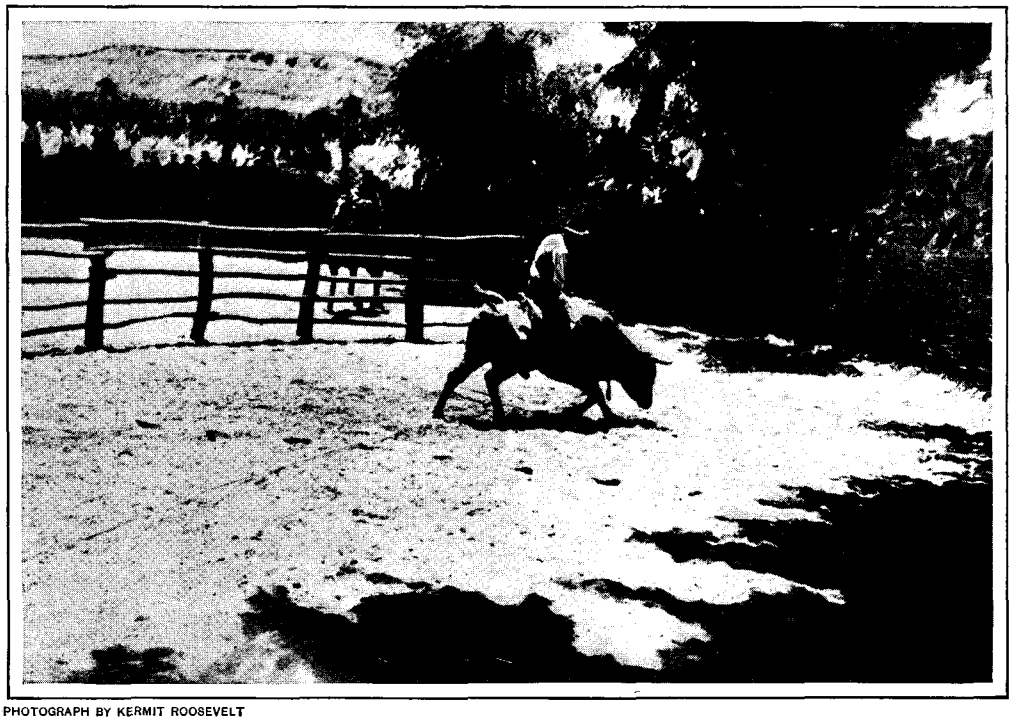

PHOTOGRAPH BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT

HUASO (CHILEAN COWBOY) RIDING A BULL

"All the bull's furious bucking and jumping could not unseat the rider"

PHOTOGRAPH BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT

TWO HUASOS RACING A STEER ROUND THE CORRAL. IN THE BACKGROUND ARE THE SPECTATORS BEHIND THE POLE-PADDED CORRAL FAMILIAR IN CHILE

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a man ran in and got to the little fence before the bull could charge him. Then, while the bull was still angrily endeavoring to get the man, the corral gate opposite was thrown open and six or eight horsemen entered, riding with quiet unconcern. The bull was obviously not in the least afraid of the footman, whereas he had a certain feeling of respect for the horsemen. Two of the latter approached him. One got his rope over the bull's horns, and the other then dexterously roped the hind legs. The footman rushed in and seized the tail, and the bull was speedily on his side. Then a lean, slab sided, rather frowzy-looking man, outwardly differing in no essential respect from the professional bronco-buster of the Southwest, slipped from the spectators' seats into the ring. A saddle was girthed tight on the bull, and a rope ring placed round his broad chest so as to give the rider something by which to hang. The lassoes upon him were cast loose, and he rose, snorting with rage and terror. If he had thrown the man, the horsemen would have had to work with instantaneous swiftness to save his life. But all the bull's furious bucking and jumping could not unseat the rider. The horsemen began to tease the animal, flapping red blankets in his face, and luring him to charges which they easily evaded. Finally they threw him again, took off his saddle and turned him loose, and at the same time some steers were driven into the corral to serve as company for him. A couple of the horsemen took him out of the bunch and raced him round the corral, turning him when they wished by pressing him against the pole corral lining, thus repeating the game that had already been played with so many of the steers. In his case it was, of course, more dangerous. But they showed complete mastery, and the horses had not the slightest fear, nailing him flat against the wall with their chests, and spinning him round when they struck him on occasions when he was trying to make up his mind to resist.

After the sports in the corral were finished eight or ten of the *huasos* appeared on big horses at the bar of which I have spoken, and took part in a sport which was entirely new to me. Two champions would appear opposite one another at the bar. Each would turn his horse's head until it hung over the bar as they fronted each other, on the same side of the bar. The object was for each man to try to push his opponent away from the bar and then shove past him, usually carrying his opponent with him. Sometimes it was a contest of man against man. Sometimes each would have two or three backers. No one could touch any other man's horse, and each drove his animal right against his opponent. The two men fronting each other at the bar kept their horse's head on or against the bar; the others strove each to get his horse's head between the body of one of his opponents and the head of that opponent's horse. They then remained in a knot for some minutes, the riders cheering the horses with their strange, wild, Indian-like cries, while the horses pushed and strained. Usually there was almost no progress on either side at first. It would look as though not an inch was gained. Gradually, however, the horses on one side or the other got an inch or two or three inches advantage of position by straining and shoving. Suddenly the right vantage-point would have been attained. There was an outburst of furious shouting from the riders. The horses of one side with straining quarters thrust their way through the press, whirling round or half upsetting their opponents, and rushed down alongside the bar. Why the men's legs were not broken I could not say. On this occasion all the men were good-natured. But it was a rough sport, and I could well credit the statement that, if there were bad blood to gratify, the chances were excellent for a fight.

After the sports we motored down to a great pasture on one side of a lake, beyond which rose lofty mountains. Then we motored to the ranch house itself, a huge single-story house with a great courtyard in the middle and wings extending towards the stable, the saddle rooms, and the like. It was a most attractive building, its architecture of the old native style, and characteristic of the life and the country. Because of this fact it was in my eyes superior to the big houses we had sometimes seen on such ranches, make-believe Gothic buildings, out of place in their surroundings. Then we had the Chilean breakfast of Continental Europe, which at home would be called lunch. We sat under the dense shade of a great row of trees, at a long table laden with silver and glass and white linen. The food was delicious. Our whole surroundings were not merely comfortable but luxurious, and the contrast enhanced the charm of the glimpse of wild old-time *huaso* life that we had just caught.

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YOUTH AND FUN

BY ANNE MOORE

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS FROM LIFE BY PETER A JULEY

"I DON'T want to!" Myra's voice floated toward me clear and plaintive. "I don't want to! I want my fun while I'm young." She was exquisitely young and insolently beautiful as she stood in the open doorway, half turned toward the mother inside.

I stopped in my walk past the house. I had known her since she was a tiny girl. "What is it, Myra? What don't you want to do?"

"Go to work. I'm fourteen to-day, and she says I've got to go to work to-morrow." Her frank eyes turned toward me sullenly.

"It's high time ye went to wurrk! A big gal like you, fourteen alreaddy, an' me wurrking me fingers to the bone fer the likes of yez. Wirra, wirra, but the childher's ungrateful! Fun! Sure, it's nothin' but fun ye thinks about. Katie!" The woman's voice rose in a shrill crescendo, as she came outside. "Katie! mind ye don't go aff the block this night."

Myra shuddered. She spoke under her breath. "It's work from seven in the morning until six at night, and then it's 'Mind ye don't go aff the block' at night."

"Young girls don't know what's good fer them. When ye're as old as I am and have childher of your own, ye'll thank me fer it. If ye don't go aff the block, I know where ye be. If ye get around the carner, it's the pictures and the dance-hall. I know ye. I know ye. Oh, but it's the mothers has their hearts wrung!"

"In another year I'll be like Katie. Look at her. In a year I'll be like that." I followed Myra's eyes. "Katie's sixteen. She's been at it two years."

Katie stood talking to a friend. She coughed and her slight body shook. There was a tired droop to her shoulders and her sallow face was drawn. A group of girls passed, chattering. They stopped near Katie. "Come on, Katie. Join the bunch."

Katie shook her head. "I can't. I'm too tired."

"Aw, come on, Katie—you and Myra too! There's a dandy show at the Scenic, and Steinman's got learners' class to-night. Aw, come on. It won't cost but twenty cents."

"Katie!" The mother called. "Katie, I want ye! Come right in. It's your turrn to wipe the dishes. And, Myra! don't ye go away."

The group passed on, and Katie went slowly into the house.

"We couldn't go, anyway. We ain't got five cents fer the show, let alone twenty. It takes all Katie makes to pay her board. There ain't nothin' left over. Now I got to start in. Katie don't mind, but I ain't like Katie. I want my fun."

"Where will you work, Myra?" I questioned.

"Oh, Katie got me a job. The boss likes her."

"Moritz's?" I asked.

She nodded. "Stripping."

"I'm sorry, Myra."

"Oh, it ain't nothin'. I'll get used to it, I guess, same as them all."

I turned away. As I walked down the street I pondered. Mentally I could see the factory and little Myra with the buxom body and the winsome face and the free step of a free spirit, on the morrow. She would sit from seven in the morning until twelve on a hard bench, except when she walked to the end of the room for stock, and she would strip tobacco leaves, not very fast at first, for it takes practice to gain rapidity in stripping from the leaf its tough midrib. But gradually she would increase her speed until perhaps fifty pounds in neat piles would stand to her credit at the end of the day. In Myra's town, at its price of two cents a pound for stripped leaves, it would take her six months to reach six dollars a week, and then it would be only in exceptional weeks when the stock was good and her nerves steady that she would be able to keep the pace. Three dollars, perhaps four, even then, would be the usual amount in her envelope on pay-day.

At twelve o'clock she would go home for dinner, and she would hurry back that she might be at her work at one. And there she would sit until a quarter to six. And I knew that for the first day and for many days to come, until her muscles adjusted themselves to the

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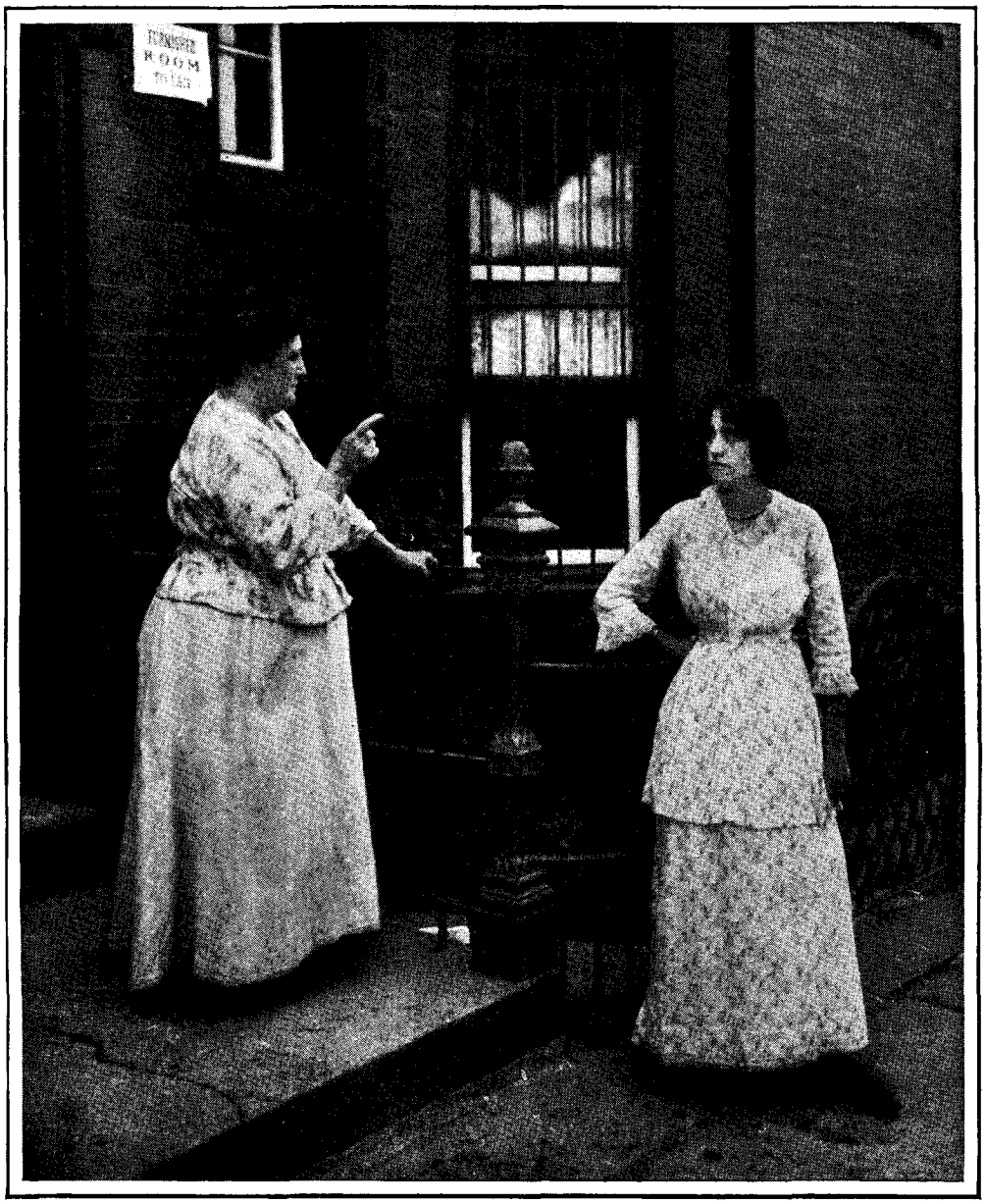

"KATIE! MIND YE DON'T GO AFF THE BLOCK THIS NIGHT"

new and unwonted strain, an unbearable little pain would come under her left shoulder, which she would be able to tolerate only if she maintained her position; that with jumping nerves she would learn that even a slight deviation would bring a sharp, catching pain, and that she would steel herself to keep still when every nerve was shrieking for movement, or not to cry out when unwittingly she leaned forward to lift a leaf that had fallen to the floor. And I pictured the weary body that would come home to wipe the dishes and go to bed, perhaps to fall into a deep sleep from which it would be a pain to awaken in the morning, perhaps to toss about too wearied for sleep, and the days and days made tolerable solely by the thought that they would last only until the husband came whom she was confidently awaiting.

And I saw the days that would pass when her body had adjusted itself to the peculiar conditions of the work, and her mind, freed

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from conscious physical distress, rebelled from its monotony and craved something in the evening to offset the long dull hours when she speeded herself or raced with the other girls in her effort to make a little more than her board.

Then I asked what the town offered in exchange for this hard-won little more that would give her the rest and relaxation she needed and satisfy the craving of her spirit. And I followed that other crowd down the street and into the Scenic. The cooled air was pleasanter than that of the street outside. The seats were comfortable and they were filled with Myras whose mothers asked not where they spent their evenings. The pictures were censored. Many of them were attractive, but in them all was one appeal. I joined a group going out. "Did you like the pictures?"

"Sure. Wasn't they all love pictures?"

"Are they the only kind you like?"

"Sure. Though I don't mind a cowboy picture now and then, and a burning house when he saves her. But that's a love picture when he saves her."

They passed on and entered Steinman's. I remembered that it was learners' night, and I went to the balcony to watch. It was a happy place, a good floor, a good band, bright lights, and no restraint except two signs which read: "No person under sixteen allowed. Grizzly bear and turkey trot not allowed." The young people enjoyed themselves. They danced well, and naturally they took pleasure in the rhythmical movement of their young bodies. So far as I saw, there was very little amiss. Now and then the movement was a little more voluptuous than was good for untutored spirits, now and then their bodies were perhaps too tightly pressed together, now and then in the balcony were passages between girls and their "fellers" that would better have been curbed. An intermission was announced. A general exodus took place, and I followed. No drink was allowed in the hall, but the street was lined with saloons, and group by group the "fellers" disappeared behind swing doors. Some with their girls continued a block farther, where there were candy stores and soda fountains.

This, then, was what we offered these children. They were all factory girls and boys. Many of them I knew by sight. All day long they toiled from seven in the morning until six at night, just beyond the fatigue limit of nerve and muscle, just beyond that of mental uninterest. And when they were rebelling from they knew not what, there was only the crowded main street with its moving pictures, its dance-hall, its skating-rink, its pool-rooms, its candy stores, and its saloons set before them with all the appeal that can be devised by the ingenuity of modern advertising. If there were anything left after they had paid their board, they could go into one of these for diversion; if there were not, there was still the gayly lighted street. And in long lines girls and boys passed and repassed, rubbing up against each other with the free unthinkingness of young animals at play. And when they turned toward home there were dark alleys, unlighted corners, deserted cemeteries, and no watchful eye to see that no harm came.

I turned homeward. The sound of an automobile stopped me. It whirled past, its young occupants laughing gayly. I knew them by sight. They were getting cobwebs brushed out of brains that had very little right to be tired. Fresh air was toning muscles that had had no strain put upon them beyond that of a game of tennis. But, in accord with the spirit of the age, they were craving and getting excitement. This rapid motion in the open air, with its inevitable thrill of possible danger, would be health-giving to the factory girl. It would rest her in mind and body. But it is precisely what cannot come to the average factory girl legitimately. Is it small wonder that she sometimes gets it illegitimately?

I saw Katie the other day. I had been away from the town for nearly two years. I wanted to know about Myra. Once in the early days I had seen her, her lagging steps without elasticity, her shoulders drooping with fatigue, "too tired" to go to the pictures. I had wondered what life would finally bring her. Now I found out. Katie looked at me with a gentle smile. She was always a patient soul. "She's at home," she said, and stopped.

"Tell me about her."

Her words came with a rush. "It's hard on a girl when she ain't got a mother to look after her. Mother died last year. I did what I could, but you know how Myra always was. She met him down at Steinman's. The trial was last Tuesday. The Judge wouldn't let me in the court-room. He said I was under age and it wasn't fit for me to hear. They called it 'statutory rape.' I don't

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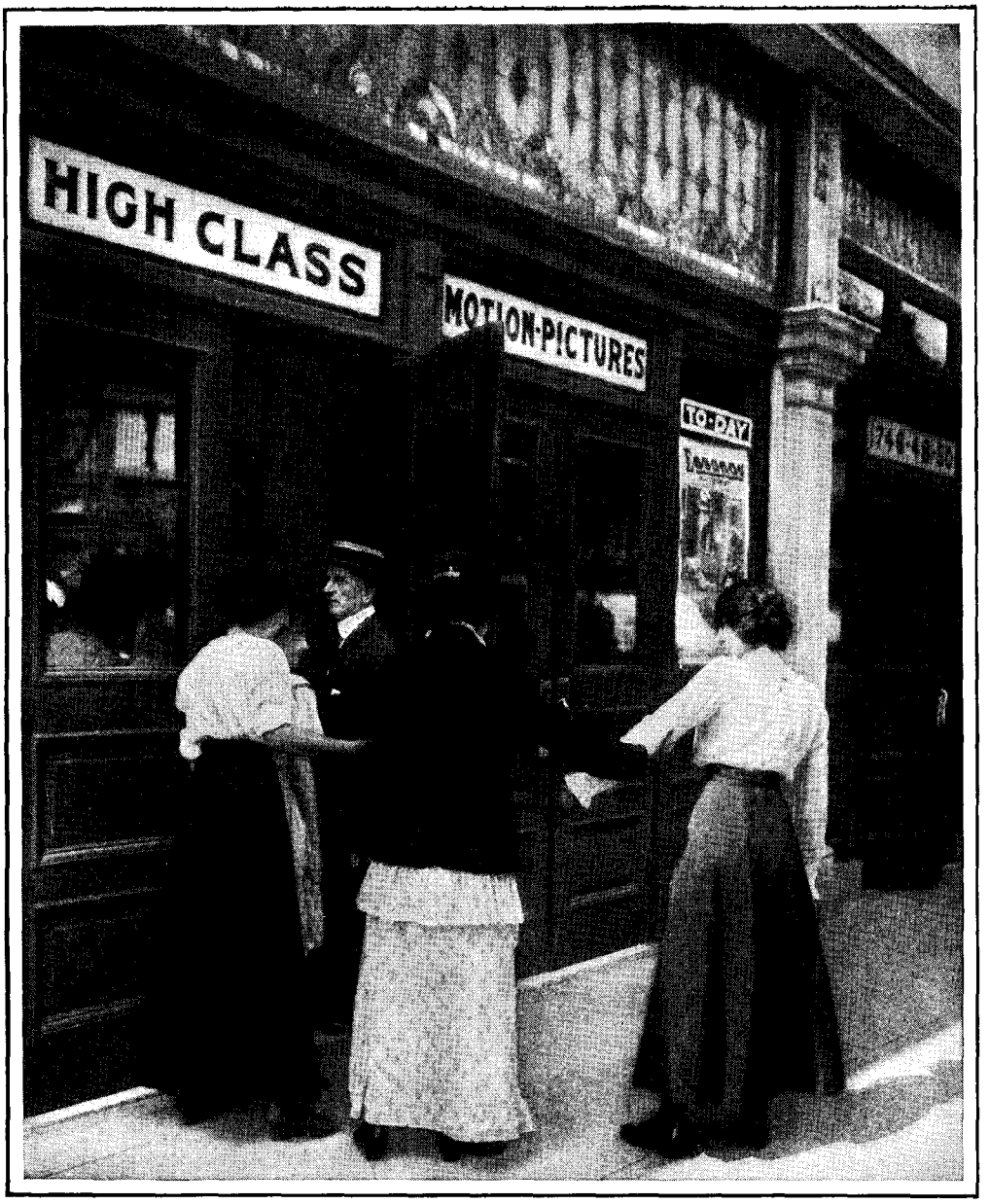

"AW, COME ON, KATIE—YOU AND MYRA TOO! THERE'S A DANDY SHOW AT THE SCENIC"

know what they are going to do. His father says he ain't no good, and he couldn't take care of her if he was married to her. They'll decide next week. I can't do nothin' if she wants to marry him. You see, she wants a name for the baby, and his father won't keep his word and take care of her afterwards unless he is married to her. He ain't but nineteen. I do the best I can, but there ain't nobody but her and me and my brother, and she can't work now."

"How old are you?"

"I'm eighteen."

"How much do you and your brother make?"

"The most I ever made was $7.30. And the most he ever made was $8.03."

"Do you always make as much as that?"

"No. You see, I'm on piece-work, and sometimes stock is bad. The next week I didn't make but four dollars."

A few days later I went to see her employer. I wanted to know his attitude toward his girls. I found him in his retail

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shop. I asked him how many girls he employed and what they could earn. He answered my questions after his fashion and added some thoughts of his own: "I've got two hundred girls. I could use two hundred and fifty, but I can't get 'em. Oh, they can make good money if they'll work. You see, it is 'most all piece-work in my place, and it is all up to the girl. If she'll work, she can make seven, eight, nine, ten dollars. I've got girls that make their twelve dollars. But they ain't no good, most of 'em. Why, you wouldn't believe it, but some of the little ones fifteen years old do the best. They get five dollars a week. If I was to put 'em on piece-work they could—well, they could do as good as any of 'em, but I couldn't do it. If I was to pay 'em any more'n I do now, they'd get the swelled head and I couldn't do nothin' with 'em any more. They'd want to run the business. They are talking about passing a bill in the legislature calling for a minimum wage and shorter hours. I'd just like to go down there and talk to them fellers. They don't know nothin' about running a business. All they think about is the girls. Them girls ain't worth now what we're payin' 'em, always running downtown nights instead of going to bed. On Sundays in winter, you wouldn't believe it, but they go out to the park and skate all day, and when they come back here on Monday they ain't no good. Wouldn't it be better for 'em to stay home and rest and come back here Monday ready to work?"

It would certainly be better for his business. About the girls I held my peace, and he went on:

"If we say a word, them fellers down there say we ain't got no right to interfere with a working-girl's recreation. I tell you things is fierce these days. They ain't like they was when I began. I got a dollar and a half a week, and I worked for it. Of course it takes more to live on now than it did then. But they ain't no good. They ain't worth what we pay 'em."

I forebore to remind this philanthropist, who was looking for fifty more girls "not worth what we pay 'em" to heap his benefits upon, of the fifteen-year-olds not yet put upon piece-work for fear that if their work received its just due their undernourished bodies might develop the unpleasant accompaniment of a "swelled head," children whose fresh young spirits had not yet been worn by underfeeding and nervous strain to the point where the spur must be applied.

"And I'd like to know, when this bill gets through, what they're going to do about the old ones that we are just keeping on out of kindness. Why, we got an old woman up there; she's over sixty and she's got a blind sister, and they depend on the three dollars she brings home every week. I'd sure hate to let her go; been with us twenty years; used to make her twelve dollars a week."

Not a word about present-day speeding, about the mercilessness of new whirling machinery that exacts its toll from human nerves, about the long hours of monotony that by their very duration produce nervous unrest that can be stilled only by excitement, about piece-work at which a girl makes $7.30 one week and $4 the next, and the cruel strain it puts upon her nerves to try against odds to get her seven dollars when stock is bad; our precious industrial system, under which girls like Myra go to the wall and girls like Katie wear their bodies to the breaking-point, decreasing day by day their efficiency; under which girls of fifteen are able to produce more than their wearied older sisters, and women of sixty are thrown on the scrap-heap; under which the many are sacrificed for the enrichment of the few.

Is it not a problem of our civilization to find a way by which the many shall profit by the work of the many? At least may we not find a way whereby we shall not steal the precious youth of children, by which they shall not be broken before their time, by which we shall not wear them out with monotony, and then seek to offset our deadly work by surfeiting them with the wrong sort of pleasure—pleasure which for its better commercialization, for its greater profit to those providing it, appeals first and always to that great sex instinct which, often beyond the control of those experienced enough to know and resist, swamps with its strength the untutored child played upon by the power of suddenly aroused and unaccustomed emotions?

There are many Myras, but many more Katies—the one rebelling and falling a quick prey to the system, the other accepting as inevitable the life of her class. But whether Myras or Katies, whether they voice their spirit or are still with a terrible patience, they want their fun while they are young. They have a right to it while they are young, the fun and joy of childhood. It is one of the responsibilities of our age. It is our responsibility. Shall we not face it?

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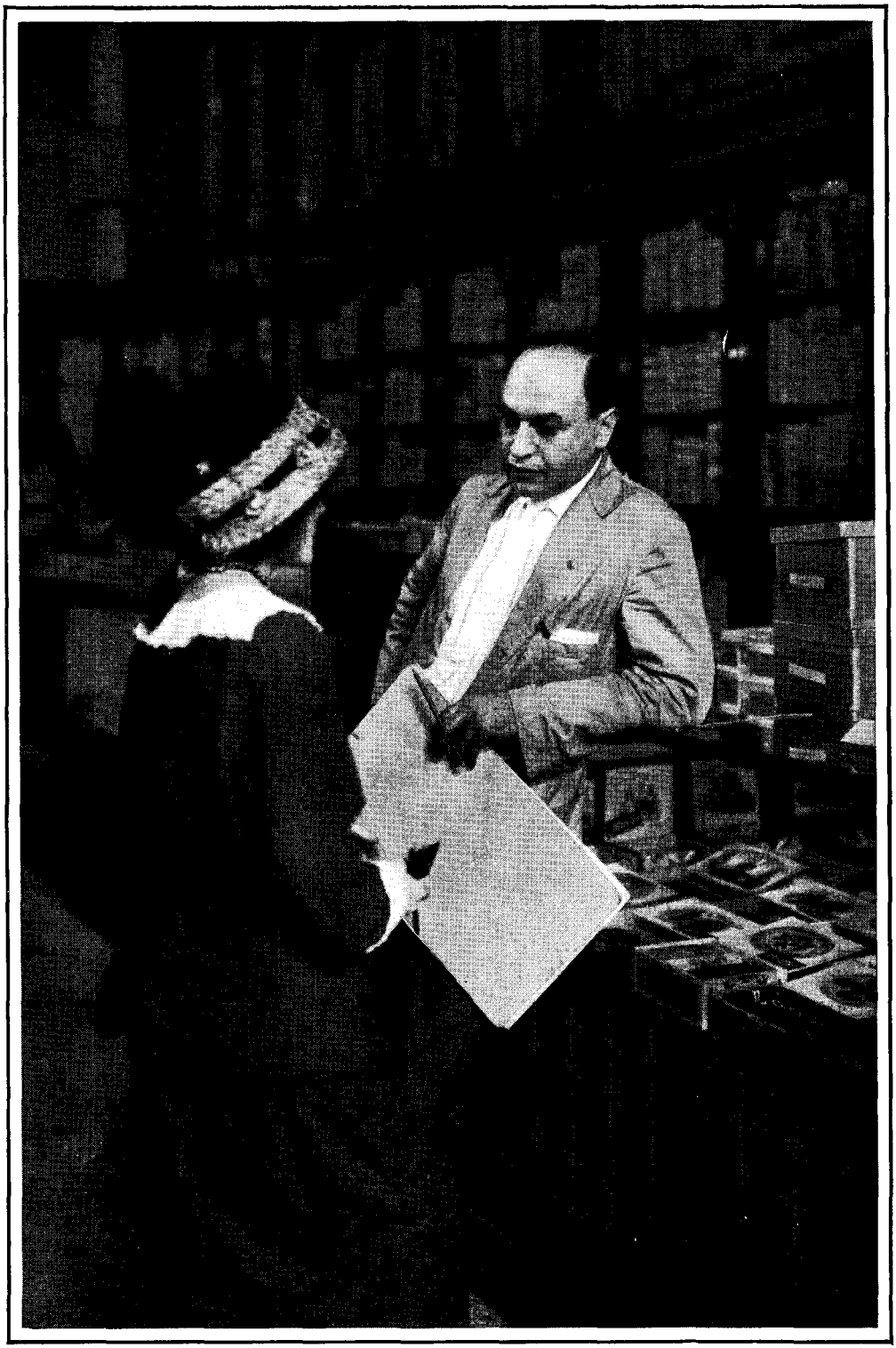

I FOUND HIM IN HIS RETAIL SHOP

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A SACRILEGIOUS FOX HUNT

BY GEORGE KENNAN

THE FOURTH IN A SERIES OF RUSSIAN STORIES BY MR. KENNAN

ONE evening in February, about three years ago, I chanced to be sitting in an apartment of the Hotel Judson, in New York City, talking with a young Polish lawyer from Minsk. He had come to the United States a short time before as a political refugee, and had brought a letter of introduction to me from a valued and trusted friend in St. Petersburg. As he seemed to be a man of culture, courage, and resolution, I felt curious to know what his history had been and what the circumstances were that had forced or induced him to leave his native country. There were reasons enough, of course, for a man's leaving Russia; but I had found in experience that expatriation in such cases is generally due to some specific determining cause rather than to general political conditions, and that such cause is often connected with an interesting personal story. At the first favorable opportunity, therefore, I asked my visitor the direct question, "What finally made you decide to get out of Russia?"

"A Russian fox," he replied, gravely.

The answer was so unexpected and apparently so irrelevant that I was rather taken aback, and looked at him for a moment in puzzled surprise. Then the thought occurred to me that he was probably speaking figuratively, and that the fox in question was some Russian official—a governor or chief of police—who had the cunning and subtlety with which the fox, in Russia as in America, is usually credited.

"Do you mean a real fox," I asked, "or merely a man with foxy characteristics?"

"I mean a real fox," he replied. "If a red Russian fox with pointed ears and a bushy tail had not left tracks in the snow on the edge of a certain piece of woods four or five years ago, I might still be practicing my profession in Minsk."

"It sounds like the beginning of a story," I said, encouragingly.

"It is a story," he assented, "or rather a tragedy; but it isn't primarily mine. I was finally brought into it, but I played only a subordinate part. The real actors were a Polish landed proprietor and his friends, two or three priests of the Greek Church, a Black Hundred representative in the Duma, and a Russian fox. It is a common saying that 'Russia is the land of unlimited possibilities;' but, with all your Siberian experience, could you possibly imagine a Russian fox entering into a conspiracy with a Catholic Pole to dishonor the Holy Orthodox Church?"

"Well, hardly," I replied. "The fox in our fairy tales sometimes does queer things, but nothing so queer as that. How did it happen—if it did happen?"

"The story is an almost incredible one," he said; "but the facts are on record in the Circuit Court of Minsk, and also in the archives of the Governing Senate" (the Russian Supreme Court) "in St. Petersburg. The fox is dead; but, if we can trust the findings of a Russian jury, he died in trying to help a Catholic Pole express his hatred and contempt for the Greek faith. Have you been in any of the Polish provinces of Russia since the revolution of 1905?"

"No," I said. "I passed through that part of the Empire several times in earlier years, but I haven't been there since 1901."

"Then I'd better begin by telling you something about the state of affairs in Russian Poland at the time when this fox case came up. I'm afraid you won't believe the story at all if I don't give you the historical background. You remember, perhaps, that the revolutionary movement of 1905–6 received much of its support from the so-called 'alien' nationalities of Russia, particularly the Jews, the Georgians, and the Poles. When it was finally defeated, largely through the bloody *pogroms* which were planned by the monarchists and executed by the Black Hundreds, the Government determined not only to punish these 'alien' peoples for their revolutionary sympathies and activities, but, as far as possible, to break up their national or racial solidarity and Russianize them at the point of the bayonet. Field courts martial, punitive expeditions, and sentences of exile almost decimated the male population of the southern and western provinces, and the policy of repression, which has always been rigorous in Poland, became not only more cruel in spirit but more openly terroristic in form. The whole country was under martial law; every official who showed the least sympathy with the Poles was removed or

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punished; the Black Hundreds and the fanatical priests of the Russo-Greek Church were given an absolutely free hand; while at the same time Polish organizations of all kinds were ruthlessly crushed. You won't fully realize this unless I give you a few illustrations. In Warsaw at that time there was a Polish benevolent society whose object was to aid poor scholars and students in the schools and universities. It had nearly two hundred local branches in the various Polish provinces, and it was helping thousands of young Poles in straitened financial circumstances to get an education. When Premier Stolypin came into power, and the Black Hundreds raised the cry of 'Russia for the Russians, and away with the aliens!' this benevolent society, which had no political or national aims whatever, was ordered to close its doors and go into liquidation.

"But this is nothing in comparison with other things that were done between 1907 and 1910. The Governor of Wilna forbade Polish actors to appear in the theaters of that city; the Governor of Grodno would not allow the mourners at the funeral of the Polish novelist Orzheshko to carry memorial wreaths in the procession; the Governor of Lodz would not permit the Hygienic Society of Lodz to have a section devoted to the beautifying of the city, although it had raised the sum of fifteen thousand rubles for that purpose; and the Governor of Warsaw suppressed the Society for the Promotion of Enlightenment and the Society of Polish Economists on the alleged ground that they were 'prejudicial to public order.'

"You may think that in such cases as these governmental repression went to its extreme limits; but far from it! It had no limits. Agricultural societies and consumers' leagues were closed in all the Polish provinces, and even such manifestly innocent organizations as the Society for the Promotion of Rational Amusements, the Society for Mutual Help in Case of Death, the Pioneers of Cremation, the Warsaw Aviation Society, and the Society for the Promotion of Scientific Bee Culture were all either suppressed or prohibited. Poles were not allowed to organize or work together for any purpose whatever. In certain public fields they were not even permitted to act separately as individuals. Madame Gurskoi, a well-known Polish lady, was forbidden to organize a public sale of flowers in order to raise money for the relief of sufferers from tuberculosis; the bandmaster of Chenstohova was punished for directing his orchestra to play 'God Save Poland;' the Polish Catholic priest of Ganich was arrested and fined for hanging Polish flags from the windows of his church on the occasion of a visit from the bishop of the diocese; the Catholic priest Putyato was forbidden to give a public lecture on the catacombs of Rome; and even a poor Polish peasant was imprisoned for setting up on his farm a wooden cross inscribed, 'From famine, fire, and war, good Lord, deliver us!' Finally, the Governor of Podolia closed the Polish School of Refuge in Mohilef, and left fifty children—mostly orphans—wholly without shelter or care.

"These are only a few of the hundreds of acts of oppression and persecution which made the life of the Poles at that time almost insupportable. I refer to them only that you may understand what the atmosphere and background of the fox hunt case were. In a natural and normal environment a Russian fox doesn't commit suicide by prearrangement in order that he may help a Catholic Pole to commit sacrilege.

"The story that I am about to tell you is known to the Russian courts as the Knobelsdorf case. In December, 1909, there was living near the town of Mozyr, in the province of Minsk, a Polish landed proprietor named Adam Knobelsdorf. He was a gray-haired man about seventy years of age when I made his acquaintance, but he still retained his bodily activity and vigor, kept horses and hunting dogs, lived largely in the open air, and took great pleasure in field sports of all kinds. He was a Catholic, of course, in religion, a man of liberal opinions, and a patriotic Pole; but he had shown no more hostility to the Orthodox Church and the Russian Government than was shown by educated Poles generally, and had never been engaged, so far as I know, in any religious or political controversy. But the Black Hundreds and the Orthodox priests hated him, because he was at the same time an *inoverets* (heretic) and an *inorodets* (alien), and, in the opinion of every 'true Russian,' heretics and aliens are the natural enemies of God and the Czar.

"A year or two after the defeat of the Russian revolutionists and the establishment of the reign of terror in the western provinces this gray-haired Polish gentleman, Adam Knobelsdorf, invited two friends named Zhulkovski and Shamborski, who were spending

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the Christmas holidays with him, to go on a hunting expedition. There had been a recent fall of snow; the sleighing was good, and they proposed to go with guns and dogs to a forest twelve or fifteen versts away and look for foxes and rabbits. They asked two tenant farmers of the neighborhood—the brothers Urbanchik—to accompany them, and took along as guide a peasant from a near-by village named Kuks, and a young servant from the Knobelsdorf household whose name I don't now remember. There were seven of them in all, and they started—two or three on horseback and the rest in sleighs—on the second day after Christmas. Four or five of the party carried shot-guns, and they were accompanied by a small pack of hunting dogs. As they drove out of the courtyard, about eight o'clock in the morning, Knobelsdorf's youngest daughter, who kept house for him, waved good-by to him from the veranda with her handkerchief and cried: 'Father! Don't hunt until you get too tired, and be sure to put your heavy cloak around you when you sit down to lunch.'

"During the earlier part of the day the hunters were not very successful in finding game, and after taking lunch beside a frozen brook in the woods they agreed to separate, Knobelsdorf, with his servant, the guide Kuks, and one of the Urbanchik brothers, taking a westerly course, while Zhulkovski, Shamborski, and the other Urbanchik brother went to the eastward. In order that the two parties might keep in touch it was agreed that each should fire a shot occasionally, whether any game were found or not. Shortly after parting from Knobelsdorf the second party came upon the fresh track of a fox. The dogs took it up eagerly and followed it two or three versts to the edge of the forest, where it ended at a hole in the foundation of an old log church or chapel which had been abandoned fifteen or twenty years before and had fallen into complete decay. One of the dogs wormed his way into the hole and under the plank floor of the building. His excited barking showed that the fox was there, but the animal had apparently taken refuge in a place where there was so little room that the dog could neither get at him nor drive him out. After waiting a while the hunters went into the chapel, the door of which was secured only by a wooden bar. By the dim light which came in through cracks in the boarded windows they could see that the building was practically dismantled, and that its floor was covered with snow, which had blown in through openings in the half-decayed roof. Locating the fox approximately by the sound of the dog's barking, the hunters cleared away the snow and tried to frighten him out by stamping over his head; but the fox was more afraid of the dog than he was of the noise, and would not leave the place where he was apparently safe from attack. The hunters then went outside the chapel and tried by voice and whistle to recall the dog; but he would not come.

"'Let's go in and take up a plank in the floor,' suggested Urbanchik. 'In that way we can at least get the dog. We don't want to leave him there.'

"This seemed to be a practical suggestion, and, returning to the interior, they removed a plank in the half-decayed floor, with the intention of taking out the dog. In so doing, however, they liberated both fox and dog, and the fox came first. Acting, probably, on the impulse of the moment, Zhulkovski fired at him, and, as the distance was short, the charge of rabbit-shot killed him on the spot.

"Late in the afternoon the hunters reassembled at the place where they had left the sleighs, and all went home together, none imagining for a moment that the shooting of a fox within the walls of an old, abandoned, half-ruined chapel was an act of sacrilege which might have tragic consequences.

"Some days later a Russian peasant who happened to be passing the chapel saw the tracks of the hunting party in the snow, and, upon going into the building to investigate, found blood in the place where the fox had been killed. Through his report, or through the talk of the hunters themselves, who made no secret of the incident, the sacrilegious violation of an Orthodox Russian church by Polish heretics became known to the ecclesiastical authorities, and, seeing an opportunity to show their power and punish the enemies of the true faith, they took it up. They met at first with very little encouragement. The local police officials made an investigation, but, finding no evidence of criminal intent, and regarding the matter as a trivial one, they dismissed the case. Complaint was then made to the district commander (*zemski nachalnik*), but he seemed to be indifferent to it and declared that he had no jurisdiction. Then the case was apparently dropped, but a year or two later a

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new district commander was appointed, and a second complaint was laid before him. He made inquiry into the circumstances, and apparently satisfied himself that the matter was not important enough to deserve serious attention. At any rate, he declined to take action upon the evidence presented to him. By this time the incident had come to the knowledge of the Black Hundreds, and they, supported by the influence of Father Yakubovitch, a fanatical Russian priest who represented that district in the Duma, and the encouragement and sympathy of Bishop Michael, another intolerant and vindictive ecclesiastic, prevailed upon the investigating magistrate and the procurator in the district town of Mozyr to take the 'sacrilege case' up. This was in the latter part of 1909. The 'nationalistic' policy of Premier Stolypin and the Czar was then the strongest influence in Russia, and local officials everywhere were striving to win the approbation of the 'higher spheres' by harrying the heretics and aliens, and thus showing their devotion to the Church and the Crown. The investigating magistrate in Mozyr decided that there was evidence enough to justify prosecution, and the procurator drew up an indictment charging all of the hunters with sacrilegious violation of a church."

"But why all?" I inquired. "According to your story, Knobelsdorf and the members of his party did not participate in the crime, nor even go near the chapel."

"That's true," replied the young lawyer; "but according to the theory of the prosecution Knobelsdorf deliberately planned the act of sacrilege and organized the hunting party for the express purpose of desecrating a Russian place of worship."

"But that's still more preposterous," I said. "The hunters were led to the chapel by the track of a fox. How could Knobelsdorf know in advance that a fox on that particular day would run under that particular building?"

"He couldn't," replied the lawyer, "unless he had an understanding with the fox. But the priests avoided that difficulty by contending that, although the fox was not a *particeps criminis*, he did, nevertheless, give Knobelsdorf an opportunity to commit sacrilege by digging his hole under the floor of that particular building. Their theory was that Knobelsdorf, who lived fifteen versts from the chapel, discovered in some way that a fox had a hole under it. This suggested to him the idea that he might show his contempt for the Russians and their religion by organizing a hunting party, breaking into the chapel, tearing up the floor, digging out the fox, and shooting him in the very place where Orthodox believers had knelt, prayed, and worshiped. You see, the priests had to charge premeditation and conspiracy in order to implicate Knobelsdorf at all, because he was not with the party that entered the chapel; he was chasing rabbits three or four versts away. But, besides that, Russian law makes a discrimination between crimes committed thoughtlessly or inadvertently and crimes committed with deliberate intention. For the latter the punishment is much more severe, and the priests and the Black Hundreds did not intend that the aliens and heretics should be let off with a fine or a few days' imprisonment."

"Were all of the hunting party Poles and Catholics?" I inquired.

"No;" he replied; "two of them—the servant and the guide—were Orthodox White Russian peasants, who would not be likely, of course, to enter into a conspiracy to dishonor their own religion. But that didn't make any difference. The priests and the Black Hundreds were ready to sacrifice two Orthodox believers, if necessary, in order to strike successfully at five heretical Poles; so they accused them all.

"With the indictment and arrest of Knobelsdorf and his companions my connection with the story begins. I was then only an assistant advocate (*pomoshnik prisazhni poverenni*), but I helped to prepare the defense. None of us thought at that time that the case could possibly have serious consequences. It seemed perfectly evident that there was neither premeditation nor conspiracy, and that the shooting of the fox in the old, abandoned, half-ruined chapel was the result partly of accident and partly of thoughtlessness and excitement. But we soon discovered that there was a determination on the part of priests and Court to convict the prisoners of premeditated sacrilege, without reference to facts or probabilities.

"The trial, which began in the Minsk Circuit Court at Mozyr on the 2d of June, 1910, was held before a jury, but with closed doors. Five Russian priests were present, ostensibly as witnesses; but the application of a Polish Catholic priest for admission was denied. The public, of course, was excluded, with the exception of three or four near relatives of

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the accused. The procurator was assisted by B. V. Nikolski, a Black Hundred advocate from St. Petersburg, who had a reputation for oratory and who was supposed to represent particularly the ecclesiastical authorities of the diocese. The whole case turned, of course, on the interpretation given to the facts. Zhulkovski, Shamborski, and Urbanchik admitted the killing of the fox in the chapel, but said that it was an impulsive and unpremeditated act, and that the chapel seemed to them to be an abandoned and half-ruined building which had no more sacredness than the forest around it. Knobelsdorf and his companions declared that they were several versts away when the other party came upon the fox tracks, and that they knew nothing of the killing until they were informed of it after the two parties had come together. The procurator, on the other hand, contended that Knobelsdorf and his Catholic associates had artfully contrived the whole scheme six months prior to its execution, with the deliberate intention of desecrating an Orthodox place of worship and thus showing their contempt for the true faith. The heretics, he said, not only killed the fox in the very shadow of God's altar, but pierced with twenty-two shot-holes a portrait of the Saviour which was hanging on the wall. He admitted that the chapel was old and somewhat out of repair, but he denied that it had been abandoned. At his request, the jurors were taken to the sacred edifice, and there were shown not only the pierced portrait of the Saviour, but a cross and a copy of the New Testament which were lying on the altar. These things were supposed to prove that the chapel was at least in occasional use as a place of worship.

"We found, some weeks later, a Russian peasant who affirmed under oath that the cross and the New Testament were placed on the altar just before the inspection, and that he accompanied the priest who carried them there. Unfortunately we did not get this testimony in time to use it at the trial. I have no doubt myself that the pierced portrait of the Saviour was also manufactured and put in place in order to make an impression on the devout peasant jury, because shot fired at a fox on the floor could not possibly pierce a canvas portrait hanging at a height of six feet against the wall.

"I need not go further into the details of the trial. Nikolski, the oratorical advocate from St. Petersburg, wept, beat his breast, and implored the jury to punish men who were capable of desecrating God's altar and firing shot into the face of the blessed Redeemer, while the Presiding Judge, after ruling strongly against the defense at every opportunity, closed his charge to the jury in these words:

"'If, in spite of all these proofs, you return a verdict of acquittal, it will show that this Court disregards the intention of the Supreme Authority' (the Czar), 'which was to create a tribunal of equity and justice. A court that showed such disrespect would not only be a farce, but would be injurious and dangerous, because it would increase by its verdicts of acquittal the number of unpunished crimes.'

"In view of the biased tendency of the whole charge, and the flagrant illegality of its concluding sentences, counsel for the defense took formal exceptions and requested the Presiding Judge to note them in a protocol as the ground for a possible appeal. They were asked to put their objections in writing, and they did so.

"Half an hour later the jury came in with a verdict which affirmed the guilt of all the accused without exception. The Court thereupon sentenced five of them to penal servitude: Knobelsdorf for eight years, and the others for periods ranging from two to six years, with deprivation of all civil rights, and forced colonization at the expiration of their respective penal terms. Mercy was shown only to the two Orthodox White Russian peasants, who were let off with two years of simple imprisonment.

"Counsel for the condemned men carried the case at once to the Governing Senate (the Russian Supreme Court), where it was heard, with closed doors, on the 12th of August, 1910.[1] It was then discovered that the Presiding Judge of the Minsk Circuit Court had omitted from the record both his charge to the jury and the exceptions of the defense based upon it. The Senate therefore dismissed the appeal on the ground that there was nothing in the record to show illegality in the lower court's procedure.

"Knobelsdorf's daughter then wrote a

[1] Closing the doors to reporters and the public at the hearing of a case in the Senate on appeal is very exceptional. It has occurred only twice in recent years. The only outsiders admitted at the hearing of the Knobelsdorf appeal were Bishop Michael, the intolerant ecclesiastic from the Minsk diocese, and a representative from the "Novoe Vremya," the well-known reactionary journal in St. Petersburg.—G. K.

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piteous letter to Leo Belmont, editor of the 'Wolni Slovo,' of Warsaw, begging him to intercede in her father's behalf. Belmont, in turn, addressed a letter to Premier Stolypin, requesting the latter to investigate the case, and to support any application that might be made to the Czar for pardon. No notice was ever taken of the communication. It was then that I finally decided to get out of Russia. It did not seem to me to be a field in which a Polish lawyer was likely to succeed or be happy. The Knobelsdorf case was not a miscarriage of justice in the ordinary meaning of those words; it was a prostitution of justice in the interest of religious fanaticism and political hatred. I did not care to practice my profession or even to live any longer in a country where such 'nightmare cases' are not infrequent, and where even the courts are used by the ruling class and the dominant Church as a means of sending into penal servitude those whom they choose to regard as enemies of God and the Czar."[1]

COMMERCE AND FINANCE

A WEEKLY ARTICLE BY THEODORE H. PRICE

THE RHYTHMIC TIDE OF BUSINESS—HAS IT TURNED? COMMERCIAL PAPER, BANKERS' ACCEPTANCES AND THE NEW BANKING SYSTEMS. THE SEQUEL OF THE MASSACHUSETTS BOND SALE. DEATH AND DIVIDENDS

THE Volume of Business, as indicated by bank clearings, continues large, but the feeling among business men is nevertheless one of depression.

In conversation recently with the president of one of the largest banks in New York City, I asked him how he reconciled this contrast between fact and feeling. His answer was that there was a large business doing, but that merchants were making little, if any, profit out of it; that in many cases factories were being run simply to employ labor; and that, rather than discharge clerks and disrupt commercial organization, goods were being sold on a margin that was negligible.

This is the only rational explanation I have been able to obtain of a situation which is at best confusing. The agricultural outlook, in so far as anything can be said of it, is auspicious. The Government report on winter wheat suggests a crop of 620,000,000 bushels, which would be the largest on record. The condition April 1 was estimated at 95.6 per cent of normal, as compared with 91.6 last year, 80.6 in 1912, and a ten-year average of 85.7.

The planting of the cotton crop has been slightly delayed by the cold weather, but with propitious seasons hereafter this will make no difference. Reports from the iron and steel industry indicate a reduced demand for finished products, largely due to smaller purchases by the railways, which are conducting a propaganda of pessimism that does not seem to be entirely candid.

The Pennsylvania Railroad, for instance, has published a statement which goes to show that it is earning little or nothing on the increased investment of recent years. This is doubtless true, but the statement makes no reference to the fact that a very large proportion of this investment is represented by an expensive New York terminal that was not expected to yield an immediate return, and the cost of which could not, in any case, be justly charged up against freight earnings.

Viewing the situation broadly, the detached and impartial observer must admit that the discouragement so generally expressed with regard to the future is not justified by the facts. It reflects the strain to which we have been subjected in the past rather than

[1] I have taken no liberties with the essential facts of this story. The whole narrative is true and all of the names are real. On the 26th of September, 1913—only four months ago—his Majesty the Czar, in consideration of Knobelsdorf's age and health, graciously remitted the unexpired part of his penal term. He was then nearly seventy-four years of age, and had been a hard-labor convict about three years and a half (The "Reitch," St. Petersburg, September 27, 1913). In commenting upon the prisoner's release, the eminent jurist and publicist Vladimir Nabokof said in a signed article: "The Knobelsdorf case makes one of the blackest and most melancholy pages in the history of Russian justice" (The "Reitch," St. Petersburg, October 5, 1913).—G. K.

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any concrete reason for apprehension in regard to the future.

The world is at peace. It is economizing. There is no speculative inflation anywhere. Money is easy and credit is abundant. These are not conditions that can be construed as repressive of enterprise, and sooner or later normal optimism will reassert itself and hope will again find expression in constructive endeavor.

When the tide is at its lowest, the wrecks along the shores of human experience are always distressingly apparent. They *are* to be seen and they *are* depressing because the tide *is* low.

But the ugly things that we see when the tide is low belong to the past. Once the flood sets in, the unpleasant reminders of previous mistakes will be submerged and forgotten. Just now it seems to be dead low water, but the rhythmic rule of life and nature is that once the ebb has ceased the flood commences.

Commercial Paper and the comparative merits of "single-name" obligations *versus* "double-name" paper or bankers' acceptances have again become the subject of active discussion as a result of the developments in the Siegel and Vogel failure.

These men have been indicted afresh for having made false statements of their assets and liabilities, upon the strength of which they are said to have fraudulently obtained some $2,500,000 within the past twelve months. This money was advanced to them upon their unsecured and unindorsed obligations, *i. e.*, upon single-name paper.

As a result of the ease with which single-name paper has become salable in America, a large proportion of our merchants have found it practicable to finance their business by the simple process of discounting their I O U's, accompanied by a statement of their liabilities and their assets. As it is not, in the nature of things, practicable for the lenders to verify the inventory value of the assets, the accommodation secured becomes simply a loan upon the personal credit of the borrower. When this credit is once established and the market for the obligations based thereon is widened, it has not infrequently happened that a really insolvent debtor has been able to maintain himself for years by paying off one set of obligations with the proceeds of another set sold to different institutions.

Another rather vicious consequence of the facility with which single-name paper has been salable is the superior advantage it gives to distributers of merchandise who have, or are reputed to have, large capital. Such men, being able to negotiate their own unsecured obligations, can, in turn, sell goods to other merchants upon "open account," instead of exacting that the buyers shall provide the sellers with promissory notes for the amount of each invoice; they can then afford to be more or less indulgent in the collection of their accounts. On the other hand, the smaller merchant, whose capital or credit denies him access to the market for single-name paper, is forced to demand the notes of his customers for the purchase price of the goods sold, which notes, when indorsed, he can discount at his own banks.

As most people naturally prefer to buy upon open account, rather than give a promissory obligation payable at a definite date, it follows that the jobber whose capital is small is practically excluded from business, and ultimately finds himself an employee or agent of his more wealthy competitor.

There are many bankers who believe that the usage which permits the negotiation of single-name paper should be abandoned, and that the Federal Reserve Board, when organized, should make a ruling which would discriminate in favor of the rediscount of two-name paper at the Federal Reserve banks.

The National Association of Credit Men are in favor of such discrimination, and in a letter recently addressed to Mr. McAdoo, as Chairman of the Organization Committee of the Federal Reserve Board, this Association suggests that two-name paper or commercial bills should be allowed a preferential rate of discount. This letter says:

> Our general credit form of open account and the acceptance for discount of single-name paper or the notes of corporations indorsed by officers and directors are unique in the world's commerce, and whilst unquestionably progressive and responsive to the development of big business, yet have likewise induced certain practices which tend to commercial failures.
>
> Among these practices two are prominent, and for which the banker and business man are equally responsible. They are (*a*) the supplying of permanent capital and not seasonable assistance to borrowers; (*b*) the failure to observe economy in distribution by overtaxing the purchasing capacity of buyers through open account and long-term inducements.
>
> The correction of the first is obvious; that of the second may be in a large measure obtained through the operation of the new law in its

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encouragement of self-liquidating forms of credit in commercial transactions.

The argument against a discrimination in favor of two-name paper is based upon the theory that it would curtail credit because it would become impossible for merchants to borrow against goods sold or in stock without in effect hypothecating either the proceeds of the sale as represented by the buyer's note, or specifically pledging the goods themselves, either through the deposit of a warehouse receipt or a deed of trust running in favor of some third party.

It is claimed that to require such security as a condition of credit would greatly curtail and hamper business, and compel a complete revolution in the usages of American trade. This has been true, but it is no longer the case.

Under the Federal Reserve Bill the National banks are already empowered to accept drafts against export and import transactions, and under the revised banking law of the State of New York State banks and trust companies are permitted to make acceptances against either commercial transactions or securities.

In a previous article I have dealt at some length with the acceptance provisions of both the Federal and New York State systems.

If they are intelligently and freely availed of by both the lending institutions and the borrowers, the result will be a wide extension in the legitimate use of credit under conditions which will greatly diminish the lender's risk.

That this statement may be fully appreciated by those who are unfamiliar with the acceptance system, it is perhaps better to illustrate it with a concrete example of the first transaction under the new law of the State of New York, which was arranged subject to the Governor's approval of that law.

This transaction I had the honor to negotiate as agent for the various parties in interest, and, although it was in the course of my regular business, I feel a pardonable pride in having initiated a departure which, if it becomes a general practice, will greatly assist in the development of American commerce and finance.

The names of those concerned in the transaction, of course, cannot be given. It will, however, be sufficiently understood when it is explained that a certain firm in New York desired to borrow $100,000 for three months. It was arranged that they should make a draft on a very strong State banking institution, reading as follows:

> Ninety days after sight of this bill of exchange pay to the order of ourselves One Hundred Thousand Dollars.
> (Signed by "The Borrowers.")

When the draft was presented, the institution upon which it was drawn wrote across its face

> Accepted.
> Payable July 15, 1914
> at the —— Bank or Trust Company,
> Signed by —— Cashier.
> Signed by —— Vice-President.

This meant that the accepting institution guaranteed to pay the draft on July 15, 1914, which draft thereupon became the joint obligation of the drawers and one of the strongest financial institutions in New York to pay $100,000 on the 15th of July next.

It was then sold at a very low rate of interest to another concern that was glad to buy a short-time obligation which was impeccable, which could not depreciate in value, which was certain to be paid at maturity, and which could, in case of need, be easily resold to some one else.

The borrowers had no money to their credit at the institution upon which the draft was drawn, but, as security for its payment at maturity and to guarantee the acceptor against the contingent liability of the acceptance, hypothecated with and subrogated to that acceptor certain securities or evidences of collectable debts against which recourse could be had in case of need.

As a consideration for accepting the draft and so making it salable at the lowest rate of interest, the accepting institution was paid a commission by the borrower; but the commission so paid, plus the discount at which the bill was finally sold, represented a lower rate than that at which the money could have been directly secured by the borrower upon his own name.

It results, therefore:

1. That the borrowers secured their money more cheaply than they could have done otherwise.
2. That the obligation created to secure it was the very best known to finance, viz., a "banker's acceptance."
3. That the ultimate lender is in possession of a readily convertible evidence of debt, upon which money can always be secured, and which in the case of a bank or trust company can

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properly be reckoned as part of the "secondary reserve" being readily available for rediscount.

As a secondary reserve it is much to be preferred to "call loans," which, though nominally available on the instant, are, as most bankers well understand, practically "uncallable" in times of panic or distress, for to insist upon their payment would result in such a depreciation of the securities behind them that general ruin and insolvency would ensue.

In fact, the call loan is both a delusion and a menace in American finance. In theory, call loans are always liquid, and our New York banks have, therefore, used them as an investment for their secondary reserve, at rates which are absurdly low in proportion to the trouble involved, and are moreover misleading and irritating to the average mercantile borrower who does not understand why he should pay more than is charged for call money.

In practice they represent a huge mass of obligations which have not been hitherto available as the basis of clearing-house certificates, the rediscount of which is now specifically interdicted by the Federal Reserve Bill, and the liquidation of which can be accomplished only by the sale of securities, a slow process at best, and in times of panic almost impossible.

As a substitute for the illusive call loan, the banker's acceptance, payable at a specified date, should be most attractive. It ought to pay a little higher rate of interest, in the first place. In the second, it is far less trouble. In the third, it is far more available; and in the fourth, it makes of the accepting concern a monitor of credit, under whose surveillance confidence is far less likely to be abused, and whose guarantee of the borrower's responsibility will eliminate most of the hazard incidental to the use of single-name paper.

The banker's acceptance will, moreover, put at the disposal of the credit market a large amount of private funds against which idle bank reserves have to be maintained, because there has been no form of short-time investment for them that does not involve the risk of depreciation or loss.

This will be clear when we consider the case of a trustee or a lawyer who had, let us say, $10,000 on deposit with some strong trust company, on which he is receiving possibly 2 per cent interest. Under the new law the trust company can loan only $8,500 of the money. The remaining $1,500 must be held as an unproductive and idle reserve.

The lawyer could, however, buy the acceptance of the trust company for $10,000, at, say, 2¾ per cent, and in doing so he would not only put $1,500 more at the disposal of the credit market, but would, if anything, increase the security with which his money was invested, for he would have not only the direct obligation of the trust company with which he was previously a depositor, but the additional guarantee of the drawer of the bill.

From the standpoint of the borrower the situation has also many attractive features. His credit is improved by the association with the acceptor's name. A relationship so established is likely to be a permanent one and always available whether money be scarce or plenty. A general disclosure of his affairs and business will be necessary only to the acceptance concern, and need not be made to others who will buy his bills upon the strength of the acceptor's responsibility. Credit, instead of being a matter of slow growth, will become immediately available to those whose candor, character, and business methods entitle them to the confidence of acceptors whose immense resources, known to all, put their obligations beyond all possibility of criticism.

The benefit and advantages of a system which, though new to America, is old in England, are as yet so poorly understood that I have permitted myself this somewhat elaborate explanation, in the hope of hastening the day when it shall be generally utilized in the development of an American commerce as yet in its infancy, and just entering upon a financial renascence through the modernization of our banking facilities.

The Direct Sale of Bonds in Massachusetts, previously discussed in this column, is still a subject of debate.

The New York "Journal of Commerce," in its issue of April 7, says:

Things seem to be turning out more or less as was predicted by bankers at the time Treasurer Mansfield announced his determination to sell the recent offering of $6,325,000 State of Massachusetts bonds over the counter. The entire issue was disposed of in comparatively short order on a basis of 3.585 per cent, and the Treasurer expressed himself satisfied with the outcome of the experiment.

During the past week or so, however, rather heavy offerings of these bonds have depressed them to a 3.70 per cent basis, indicating a

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decline of from 1½ to 1¾ points in the prices of the longer maturities from the prices which were paid for them by the original purchasers. What renders this all the more striking is the fact that it occurs at a moment when there seems to be an almost insatiable demand for municipal bonds and when there are sales of the very best tax-exempt grades on a basis of approximately 3.55 per cent.

The over-the-counter sale of State bonds was a disappointment to the Treasurer, inasmuch as the great bulk of the bonds was taken by banks and other institutions instead of by individuals. It is now declared that in many cases these institutions took the bonds off the hands of the Treasurer under threats that, unless they did so, they would cease to be depositaries of State money. In other cases it is said that the bonds were purchased on the strength of assurances that State deposits would be increased. Apparently, however, the institutions in question were left free to do as they wished with the bonds after the latter had been disposed of by the State, and what the banks want to do with them is evident from the scale on which the bonds have been offered for sale during the past ten days.

As against the view the "Journal of Commerce" takes of the matter, it is only fair to quote the following letter from State Treasurer Mansfield, dated April 11, 1914:

I thank you for the manly attitude which you have assumed in your statement about the recent Massachusetts bond sale, and which is contained in The Outlook of April 4. There is only one misleading feature in this statement to which I would call attention, and it is this: You draw an invidious comparison to the detriment of Massachusetts when you say that my performance in selling the bonds in four weeks was not very brilliant as against the performance of the State of New York in selling the bonds in one day. Coming from a financial writer, this statement is ludicrous. I sold my bonds directly to the ultimate holder, whereas the State of New York sold its bonds to a syndicate, and this syndicate in turn has not yet succeeded in placing the bonds with the ultimate holders. They are being advertised to-day in the Boston market, and it will probably be a year before the New York syndicate accomplishes what I did—placing the bonds with the final holder. I could have sold the $6,325,000 issue of Massachusetts State bonds in the same way and could have had the money in my hands in thirty minutes. Last year the syndicate which bought the Massachusetts issue did not dispose of the last block of bonds to the ultimate holders until October, having held them for ten months. I inclose a statement which may interest you, and any part or all of which you may use if you so desire.

I would respectfully ask you either to print this letter or to note my comment about the misleading comparison referred to.

This letter is accompanied by an elaborate printed statement which says:

Of the bonds sold:

339 individual purchasers bought	$2,499,900
13 savings banks bought	1,553,000
24 trust companies bought	822,600
11 bond houses bought	619,500
12 National banks bought	830,000
	$6,325,000

A Unique Investment is offered by Mr. William Necker, an undertaker of Union, New Jersey, a place that is one of the mortuary suburbs of New York.

In an elaborate advertisement in the New York Sunday papers Mr. Necker announces that in the past nineteen years he has provided 21,123 funerals, for which he has received $2,227,990. He now proposes to so enlarge his facilities that he will be able to handle 10,000 funerals annually. A crematory, a chapel, departments for flowers, mourning goods, coffins, and monuments are to be added.

The whole enterprise has been capitalized, and subscriptions are invited to the 7 per cent preferred stock, which is to be receivable after death for the funeral expenses of the deceased owner.

Fifty dollars of the stock will provide a funeral which, in the language of the prospectus, "will be as good as ever furnished by any other undertaker for twice the money;" and $100 of the preferred stock will be accepted for a funeral, "including a new grave," which is to be "equal to any funeral furnished by any other undertaker for $200."

Meantime, pending death, dividends at the rate of 7 per cent are to be paid.

I recommend this scheme to the students of high finance as the most practical application of the principles of "amortization" and "sinking funds" that has ever been made. An investment which has a promise of present and posthumous value is in agreeable contrast to some recently notorious securities, the ownership of which may kill a man without providing for his burial.

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BY THE WAY

"Flying" reprints a map which shows that almost all the fortified places of Germany, France, and the English coast are now forbidden territory for aviators. Flying over these cities is prohibited, and severe penalties may be incurred by the venturesome aviator who violates the provisions of the aerial navigation laws.

A boy once applied to a clothing dealer for a ruler that was being distributed for advertising purposes, says the "Novelty News," but the merchant refused the gift because "he couldn't afford to give them to kids." The boy grew up, and now, as a successful shoe dealer, he makes a practice of giving advertising novelties liberally to children who call at his store. "The child," he says, "is a potential buyer, and it pays to cultivate his friendship."

"Men of really high accomplishment have little or no personal vanity," observes a writer in "Cottrell's Magazine." And to illustrate his point he goes on: "The other day I called on William A. Field, head of the South Chicago plant of the Illinois Steel Company. Field has 8,500 men working for him—or with him, as he would no doubt put it. . . . Not once did he refer to his accomplishments as a steel-maker except to say that he was trying to make men first and steel afterwards—as a by-product of men."

The Suez Canal is to be dredged to a depth of forty feet, and other improvements are contemplated which will make the Canal available to any ship likely to be built for the Eastern trade in the immediate future.

By this quotation anent the "hobble skirt" a subscriber illustrates the well-known fact that fashion tends to repeat itself: "M. Henri Bouchot says in a magazine article: 'The Paris Exposition of 1878 marked a time of compression and depression, when it was thought proper to squeeze and twist one's self and one's figure. . . . The skirts were drawn in at the bottom, and rendered a quick gait impossible.'" The hobble skirt, happily, is now obsolescent; but the next generation will probably see it again—in a less objectionable form, let us hope.

That old favorite of the theater-goers who liked a moral in their play, "Ten Nights in a Bar-room," has recently been revived in New York City and presented to crowded houses.

Professor Brandl, of Berlin, is reported as saying that Shakespeare is now at the zenith of his popularity in Germany. "The Deutsches Theater of Berlin," he says, "has scored an entirely unprecedented record by producing a Shakespeare repertoire practically night after night, for the last six months, to sold-out houses without an exception."

The Texas State Sunday-School Association has adopted a resolution urging moving-picture film producers to prepare pictures especially for churches and Sunday-schools. Bible and mission subjects are suggested. There is some danger in treating these subjects imaginatively; but there are subjects of actual life that could undoubtedly be pictured with great benefit.

Motorcycles have been purchased by the Forest Service for use in the Black Hills of South Dakota in connection with fighting forest fires. Powerful machines, able to carry two persons, and equipped with fire-fighting tools, are kept in readiness for immediate use, at Custer and Deadwood. Upon receiving report of a forest fire, Forest officers are immediately despatched to the fire. The most effective work can be done at the incipiency of a fire, and the motorcycle makes possible quicker travel and quicker action than with a saddle-horse.

James M. Clancy, Warden of Sing Sing Prison, in resigning from that post emphasized the folly of "political" appointments. "Yes, I have quit," he is reported to have said. "The reason? Well, the principal one is that I have been unable, through ignorance of the work, to accomplish what I set out to do. I believe the warden of a great prison should be compelled to undergo an examination to prove his fitness for the place. There is nothing more ridiculous than the selection of a man like myself, who has had no such experience." Candor like this is probably unprecedented in the annals of "spoils" politics.

The three yachts which are to compete for the honor of defending the America's Cup against Shamrock IV are named respectively Vanitie, Defiance, and Resolute. The last is the Herreshoff boat, and has not as yet been selected for the defender—contrary to an inadvertent statement on this page recently.

A writer in our profusely illustrated contemporary the "National Geographic Magazine" describes a strike in the Mohammedan university in Tunis. The students carried out successfully this supposedly Western remedy for their grievances, which consisted of non-attendance on the part of some of their professors and non-punctuality in the case of others. In addition, the *Zeitgeist* manifested itself in the students' demand that the curriculum be enlarged and to a certain extent modernized. The strike was a passive one and lasted about two months.

"A real masterpiece," says a writer in "Art," "is never conspicuous enough to attract the attention of any one whose eyes have not been trained to look for it. It is impossible to make a masterpiece yours without devoting considerable effort to the task. Cheap, obvious, crude pictures may come out to meet you. They may seek your acquaintance. But a masterpiece never does. The first advances must be made by you, and it will give to you only in so far as you give to it."

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